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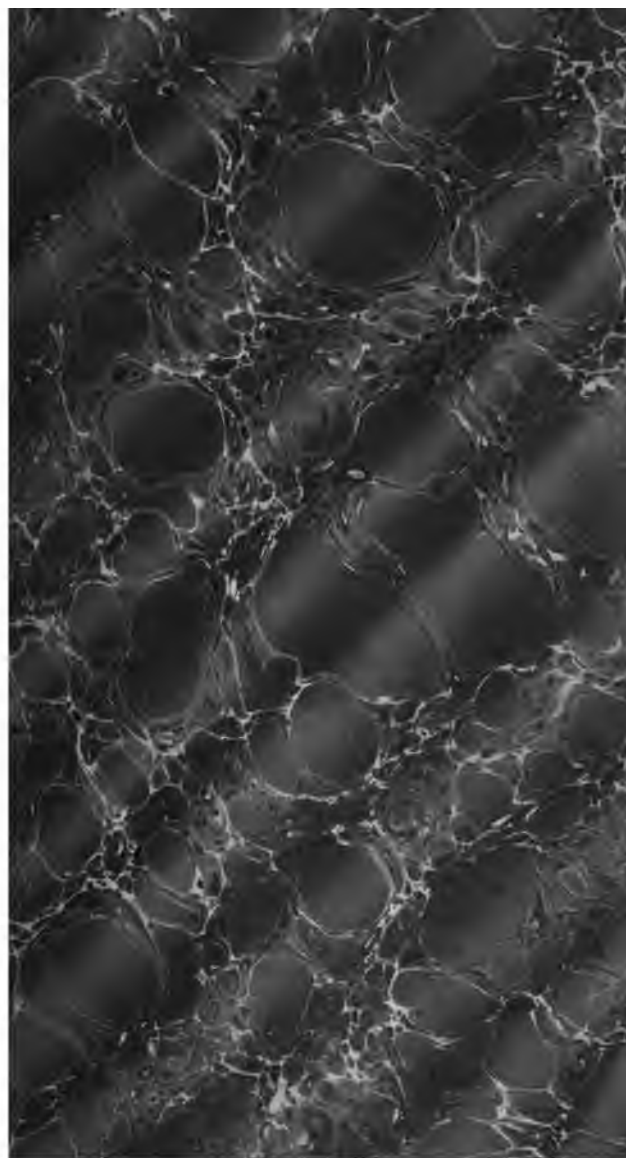
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# AMATONDA.

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A Tale,

FROM THE GERMAN OF

ANTON WALL.

*pseud. of*

HEYNE, CHRISTIAN LEBERENH

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR LONGMAN, HURST, REES,  
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1811.

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# ***ADVERTISEMENT***

BY THE TRANSLATOR.

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ANTON WALL, like *Veit Weber* and *Jean Paul*, is a literary *nom de guerre*. It has been assumed by one of the least voluminous, but most elegant romance writers in Germany, and has derived celebrity and popularity from two or three works of fiction, all of very small extent. These little books have been published at periods very remote from

each other, a circumstance not less singular than their style and character; for it is a very strange thing in Germany to find a distinguished, who is not also a voluminous writer. The author himself, who, if still living, must be advanced in years, is not less remarkable than his works. The greater part of his life has been spent in a state of utter seclusion, and in a way so capricious and whimsical, as to bring upon him an imputation of insanity from the world at large, which, when its ordinary customs are despised and disregarded, is unwilling to consider the exercise, even of rare intellectual powers, as the certain proof of a sound mind.

In the summer of the year 1802, I passed through the town of Altenburg, in the course of a tour through the Electorate of Saxony; and having made enquiries of my intelligent landlord concerning the remarkable people of his place, was instantly informed of Anton Wall; and urged to call upon him; for, in Germany, artists, scholars, and men of letters, consider a visit even from strangers, without any introduction, as an homage to their talents, not an intrusion on their retirement. “Anton Wall, for we always call him so,” continued my landlord, “though his real name is *Heine*, will be very glad to see you, and you are sure to find him at home; he has

not been out of bed these six weeks." On beginning to express some pity at this intelligence, I was soon interrupted by a laugh. "He is as healthy as you are, but chooses to spend all his time in bed. He sometimes keeps his room for months, perhaps years, rising only to have a change of linen!" On making further enquiries, I understood that he passed his days, as far as was known, with few or no books, so that his time was seemingly dreamt away. He lived frugally, not penuriously, and was believed to possess property sufficient for his slender wants. Other particulars were added, which it is less incumbent on me to notice, than that, while his oddities exposed him to something like

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ridicule, he seemed to be universally beloved. A kinder creature, it was said, never existed. He loved every one, but especially children, of whom he was the general favourite ; and when he occasionally left his room, he was fond of collecting young people together, and treating them with a dance, or other unexpensive frolic.

Having received this previous information, I was conducted to the apartments of Anton Wall, which consisted of the attic story of a large house. On knocking at the chamber door, I was desired to come in, by a faint voice at a distance ; and on entering a spacious room, perceived a ruddy, healthily-looking, elderly man lying in a bed at

the further end of it. He instantly supported himself on one arm, pulled off his white night cap, and begged me to come forward, with a courteousness and good humour which at once removed all thoughts of sickness. A pleasing impression was instantly produced on my mind, by a general air of neatness in all I saw. The apartment was white-washed, the furniture very plain, but neat, and set in great order, and the linen, bed clothes, &c., remarkably clean. I introduced myself to Mr. Heine by a reference to his works, of which he heard, I perceived, with great pleasure, but without manifesting a greater avidity of praise than they may be allowed to feel, who receive scarcely

any other reward for their labours. "Which of my little books do you like best?" said he. "Amatonda." "Perhaps you are right. Do you know whom I meant to laugh at in the poet Selim? It is Jean Paul." I observed, that Jean Paul and Klopstock were the only two German writers whom I was afraid to read, from their obscurity. "And yet," said Anton Wall, "they are admired for their obscurity; and so was Selim." A long conversation followed, which lasted more than two hours, in which my author displayed a *naïveté*, good humour, and gaiety which corresponded with the tone of his works, and left an impression on my mind highly advan-



tageous both to his taste, his penetration, and his good nature. The German critics and reviewers were not forgotten. Anton Wall professed to be ignorant of the judgments passed on himself, and expressed himself flattered by the singular good fortune he enjoyed in receiving praise from the most fastidious of all the German critics, the *Schlegels*. These brothers had, at that period, rendered themselves formidable to the great body of popular German writers, by the severity of their criticisms. They had raised, what was invidiously called, a new school of taste, which probably still survives, though the leaders have been since dispersed. *August Wilhelm Schlegel*,

the elder brother, and the translator of Shakespear, attached himself to the celebrated Madame de Stael, and is said, in the late German papers, to have embarked for America with that lady, in the capacity of tutor to her son. *Frederic Schlegel* is the reputed author of the last admirable Declaration of War against France, by Austria, and has had the honour, in common with *Gentz*, of being proscribed by the French government. In the fourth number of the *Athenæum*, published by the Schlegels, the following short review is given of *Amatonda*. It may supply the place of remarks by the translator.

“It sounds, itself, like a tale of ro-

mance, that Anton Wall, who has long been lost to us, has appeared again, and has again delighted us with a tale, a Persian one too ; its title is *Amatonda*. It deserves to be called a *bagatelle*, and that is no trifle, for it is elegant, roguish, and sports with French levity and grace. Some critics may want a greater quantity of allegory and moral ; while others, who think that a fairy tale should sparkle, like a lustre, with all the colours of the prism, may think it not sufficiently oriental and wonderful. The reader is disappointed in the expectation that the magician will succeed in taking in all the four brothers ; but, in return, has the satisfaction to find that one of

them, at least, out-wits the conjuror. One of the sons of the merchant seems at last to be forgotten. The Sultana Biribi, with her eyes that sparkle like brilliants, departs from the oriental costume, in the great purity of her love for Solmar. From the first familiarity of the lovers, we expect a conclusion more in character. It is to be wished for every poet, that he may be thrice embraced by the fairy Amatonda ; and certainly Anton Wall, who has set up the delightful custom, ought not to be excluded from the benefit of it."

It may be, however, right to add, that this fairy tale differs from all other fairy tales, both in its moral tendency, and in the economy of its structure.

Contrary to the usual practice, the author has recourse to as little, not as much marvellous machinery as possible ; and Amatonda herself, who gives a name to the piece, makes her appearance only to "point a moral," as simple as it is momentous, and to impart keeping and colouring to a picture of moral excellence and domestic felicity, we are not accustomed to seek among imaginary beings in the tropical regions of romance. It is an Oriental tale, but the usual stately style of such fictions is resorted to only to heighten, by contrast, the colloquial familiarity, and playful, satirical humour which characterise the author's manner. The only works which at all resemble it,

are, Count Hamilton's Fairy Tales, and the Legendary Tales of Musæus. Hamilton, however, has more wit than humour; and, though a Scotchman by birth, is, in his writings, a volatile Parisian voluptuary. Musæus's exquisite legends are original only in the style and humour. The stories are familiar to the German nursery.



## TO A LADY.

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I AM still alive, my fair friend; or rather, I am alive once more, but for how long I cannot tell; therefore, to give some token of existence, I send you a Persian tale. It is one of the 10,000 my great-aunt inherited from my uncle, and which I purchased of her for 100,000 pearls. I gave her my translation to peruse, and she said that grandmothers might safely read it, and even young married ladies also, but on no account innocent girls; because the word Love, she says, is to be found in it, and innocent girls never, of their



own accord, think of love. Now I confess that I have myself observed, there is something in this same love, quite contrary to the nature of innocent girls; because, whenever they do fall in love, they never fail to sigh most pitifully. I entreat you, therefore, conceal this tale most carefully from them all.

You will be pleased, also, to hide this Dedication from your husband; for, Who knows? he might imagine, that when I made my translation, I now and then thought of you.

Have you read BATHMENDI? Florian's uncle had very different sources from myself.

I kiss your hand, and—*long live*  
AMATONDA!

## TO THE READER.

I HAD an uncle, who was full of sense and whims ; but his whims were pardoned for the sake of his sense, and his sense for the sake of his whims. Among these whims were two, to which all others were subordinate ; these were, his love of pearls and tales.

One morning he continued standing for a whole hour in a brown study at the window, and answered the salutations of no one. At length, laying the end of the fore finger of his right hand on the spot where the forehead ends

and the nose begins, he muttered between his teeth, "European pearls have a great deal too little water, and European tales a great deal too much." He shut the window, sold his three estates, and embarked. He rambled over Persia, Arabia, and the Indies, and made a collection of pearls and tales!

After he had spent one and twenty years in furnishing his cabinet, he returned back to Europe. He brought with him 100,000 select pearls, and 10,000 select tales. He purchased himself a handsome garden in the suburbs, and lived a solitary life in the midst of his treasures, appearing at none of the pic-nics or court balls.

After he had spent ten years in looking over his pearls, and reading over his tales, he fell sick, made his will, and died. He bequeathed me his pearls, because I was young ; and my great-aunt his tales, because she was old. We both of us uttered profound sighs at the death of the good man, but my great-aunt could not cry, nor myself neither.

When we came to take possession of our legacies, my great-aunt looked upon my casket, which contained the 100,000 select pearls, and fetched a deep sigh ; while I cast my eyes upon my great-aunt's cupboard, with the 10,000 select tales, and sighed also. On this, my great-aunt looked full in

my face, and I also looked in her's. On a sudden we stretched out our hands towards each other, and then without exchanging a single word, gave my great-aunt the 100,000 pearls and she gave me the 10,000 tales. She was willing also to give me 100,000 kisses into the bargain, but I am confident that I took only five and an half of them. On this, we both fell a crying for the dear deceased. I wept almost a whole day, and my great-aunt wept several months!

I am thus in possession of 10,000 Eastern tales, and, at the same time of a very good heart. But he who has the latter, cannot possibly keep the former to himself. I purpose to im-

part them all, one by one, to those of my female friends who may wish to hear them from me ; and I here give, as a specimen, the first I opened. I am willing to let this specimen pass for nothing ; but I expect a reward for the remainder. If my aforesaid female friends will grant me what I declined accepting from my great-aunt, I shall be quite contented. The modern philosophers profess disinterested benevolence ; while the ancients never wrought a good action without a reward. I still belong to the old school ; and turn now to my tale.



# AMATONDA.

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## A Persian Tale.

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ONCE upon a time there reigned in Persia a mighty Shah, and under this Shah there lived at Basra a wealthy merchant. Who this Shah was, is of no importance to our tale, but the merchant was called Bator; and his fame was spread throughout the whole empire, and his notes were accepted, even for millions, at the very furthest corner of the Indies. His palace was the seat of affluence and refined taste. He was known throughout Asia by the title of the MAGNIFICENT. The poets



of the province, moreover, called him the *guardian-angel of the sciences*, and kissed the hem of his garment; and the emirs of the province saluted him with the greeting "*friend of my soul*;" for Bator distributed gold to the poets, and accepted the bills of the emirs, and he invited them all to feasts and entertainments.

Now, while Bator was regaling the heralds of his virtues and the friends of his soul, his agents were carrying on his business for him. Some persons, indeed, insinuated to him that it was their own business, not his, they were carrying on, but he was pleased that they should employ their leisure hours to a good account for themselves: besides, their day-books and their ledgers were most methodically kept: there was not a blot or an erasure in any one of them.

A great merchant ought to make great enterprises; for who else should make them, and how else are great merchants themselves made? It was the agents of Bator who projected these enterprises, and Bator himself who signed his approbation of them over his morning-chocolate. But it was not their fault that homeward-bound vessels were wrecked in storms, and caravans plundered by robbers! By a succession of such unexpected incidents, the account books of Bator were filled with the list of his losses, and his iron chests were emptied of their treasures. And the fact was beyond a doubt, since the cash keepers and the account keepers told the same story.

The best resource a man has who is in the way of bad luck, is to risque all he has, blindly at a venture; for so, he may not only recover all he has lost.

but become richer than before. This, at least, was the proposal made to Bator by his agents, but an obdurate ill fortune baffled all their good designs. One rash enterprise failed after another; till at last, on one fine morning of spring, while Bator was reposing on his couch while one of the poets of Persia was reading to him aloud a didactic poem, dedicated to himself, on the Triumphs of Commerce, the whole body of his agents entered his apartment, to inform him that his iron chests were exhausted, and that he had not wherewith to answer a quarter of the pressing demands which were made upon him.

It is a well ascertained fact, that the poets of Persia never torment a *poor* man with reading their verses to him; and that the emirs of Persia never kiss a ruined man on both cheeks, or style

him friend of my soul. Bator saw himself on a sudden, not merely deserted, but even shunned. He implored his agents, as the last act of kindness to him, to distribute the remains of his fortune among his creditors; and these agents discharged their task so faithfully, that, having paid every man his demand in full, they immediately formed establishments for themselves, meaning to take a warning by the misfortunes of their master, and resolving to carry on their own business with their own eyes!

A few jewels which belonged to the wife of Bator, were all he could save of his property. These he secured; and then taking her and his four young children by the hand, he stole out of Basra by moon-light, no one observing him, and repaired to a remote corner of the province of Tauris. Here he

purchased a small piece of ground, the produce of which just sufficed for the scanty maintenance of his family.

He had resolved to attend, himself, to the management of his petty concerns; and for several weeks, and even months, was indefatigable in his new and laborious occupations; but, from time to time, a sort of home-sickness fell upon him, which rendered him unfit for business of every kind. His slaves from that time worked as much as they pleased, and his fields and flocks thrived as well as they could.

Thus a number of tedious years elapsed, till decease robbed him of his wife. He loved her tenderly, and she merited his love. She never reproached him on account of his misfortunes, and the resignation with which she endured them alleviated his despair. He now found himself utterly abandoned,

and his afflictions overwhelmed him. He took to his bed, felt the approach of his last hour, and summoned his four sons to appear before him.

“ My dear sons,” said he, “ my last hour is come. Draw near to me, and receive the benediction of a father. You have all shewn me the affection of children in my misfortunes ; may you be rewarded for it by greater happiness than I ever enjoyed, and may your happiness be more lasting than mine. When I am dead, inter me by the side of your mother, and then break open the letter which I here give to Solmar.” — Bator would have continued, but his breath failed him, and he gave up the ghost. The four brothers wept bitterly over their deceased father ; they laid him by the side of their mother ; and, having performed the rites of burial as decently as their

poverty permitted, the letter was opened by the eldest of them, and read aloud to his brothers.

“ My dear children,” read Solmar, “ in your infancy I was Bator the Magnificent, the rich merchant of Basra. Misfortunes burst upon me, and I took refuge in the asylum where I have since resided. Here I was able to provide a bare subsistence for you with labour and with anxiety, for I loved you all with equal fondness, and I looked forward with dread to the time when you would be left to share between you the property which had scarcely sufficed for the nourishment of one family. At length I was relieved from my apprehensions. A source of bounty was opened to you, of which I was not permitted to share, and which I was not allowed to make known to you till my decease. Be

consoled, therefore, for my loss, and hearken attentively to what I am permitted to relate to you.

“ I had once a sister, whom in my infancy I loved affectionately, but dissensions arose between us, and for more than thirty years we have been separated; hence you never saw or heard of her. She lately died, and at her decease she left you a valuable legacy, deposited in the hands of her confidential friend, the magician ALGOL, to be distributed among you after my death.

“ Algol the magician is a very kind and courteous man, and has the reputation of being a great philanthropist. No one can charge him with having done him an injustice; and he offers his good counsels to every one who is willing to follow his advice, and sense to understand it. My sister and I be-



came acquainted with him many years ago, through the introduction of a dervise, and for a long time I kept up my connection with him. I owe it, in fact, to his instructions, that I became at Basra the idol of all the poets, and the bosom-friend of all the emirs, and that my house became the seat of good taste, hospitality, and pleasure. It is true, that when my misfortunes arose, he abandoned me as well as the poets and emirs, but he accuses me of not having comprehended his secret advice ; for secret I was bound to keep it from all men, even from you, my sons ; and it is his rule never again to listen to those who have already misunderstood him.

“ The magician dwells at the distance of a three day’s journey from hence, in the midst of the mountain-forests to the east of us, on a high hill,

the sides of which are clothed with cedars, and on the bare summit of which is an observatory. The paper that I inclose points out the road through the forest, which will conduct you to a spot where you will find the path obstructed by a vast block of black marble. There you will meet with a milk-white doe, which will appear, and lead you through the labyrinth, on your striking the black marble, and pronouncing aloud the name of ALGOL.

“ Proceed without delay, my sons, on this journey. Omit no expression of reverence towards the magician, from whose hands you will receive the legacy reserved for you: use it with temperance and prudence, and continue to maintain brotherly concord among you. So may ye enjoy uninterrupted felicity to the end of your

days; so may those days be many ; and, as I now invoke a blessing on your heads from heaven, may ye one day bless your children and your grandchildren. Amen.”

This letter of farewell from their father revived the grief of the four brothers. They embraced each other affectionately, and vowed to preserve their mutual love under all the changes of their fortune. They immediately began their preparations for their journey ; and having dispatched these, left their abode at Beitulsalam at day-break. Hassan, however, the youngest, was the last to quit the residence of his youth, and whenever he ascended an eminence, did not fail to stop and look around, that he might have the last glimpse of the objects that were dear to him ; but the three elder brothers neither stopped nor looked around

them, but pressed forward eagerly and full of hope.

They reached the mountain-forests to the east without any mishap, and, by the aid of their father's instructions, which they were constantly examining, arrived at the huge block of black marble which appeared to bar up the road. The eldest of them struck the marble, and exclaimed aloud, *Algol*. In an instant there started up a milk-white doe, with a golden bell about her neck. The gentle animal set out on her journey without delay, and went trippingly along, while the golden bell tinkled cheerfully at her neck, springing over bridges and paths, between brambles and briars, and across hills and vallies, till at length, having led the four sons of Bator through the dark clefts of a vast rock, and brought them to the bank of a broad river which ran along

a beautiful valley, she suddenly vanished from their sight. On the opposite shore the hopeful travellers beheld a hill, the sides of which were covered with cedars, and on the summit of which they discerned an edifice, in which they doubted not the magician resided. While they were consulting together by what means they might cross the river, they beheld a dwarf ferrying towards them in a little boat. His breast was protected by a golden shield, and at his waist hung a golden key. He saluted them courteously, and asked them what they desired in the recesses of the forest.

“ May it please your honour,” said Solmar, “ our desire is to cross this stream ; for we are the sons of the deceased Bator, once the rich merchant of Basra, and lately the inhabitant of Beitulsalam, in the province of Tauris.

At his death he enjoined us to repair hither, and testify our reverence for the great magician Algol; and we are now here in obedience to his injunctions."

"The great magician Algol," answered the dwarf, "has already read your arrival in the stars. In his name I bid you welcome; and he has sent me to conduct you over the stream, and lead you to his presence."

The four brothers were astonished that their journey should be written in the stars; but did not hesitate to step into the little boat, which the dwarf brought to the edge of the river.

"I wish you joy," resumed the dwarf, "that you have placed yourselves under the protection of my master. The powerful Algol is the most benevolent, as well as the richest and wisest of men. Unlike other sorcerers,

enchanters, conjurors, and magicians, he does not employ his vast riches, and still vaster learning, in deluding and tormenting poor mortal creatures, but applies them for no other purpose than to make men happy. Here he dwells in solitude, studying the stars for the benefit of mankind. He seldom leaves his secret apartments, never but to partake in the joys of friendship; but delights to receive there those he can benefit by his wisdom. It is moreover his especial joy to give good counsel to the young, and lead them on the right road of life. There are, indeed, persons who affirm that my master's right counsel has only led them wrong, but this was because they either did not follow, or did not understand his counsel. The former is very common, and the latter not impossible, on account of the great learning of my mas-

ter ; for you are well aware, that the more learned a man is, the more hard it is to comprehend him. But fear nothing, for I have to inform you that he is to-day in singularly good humour. I will answer for it he will most graciously receive you, most hospitably entertain you, and not dismiss you without the richest presents."

✱ The four brothers were delighted at all they heard, and firmly resolved not to tremble at the sight of the great magician, nor to suffer a word of his good counsel to escape them, that they might be sure to comprehend it. They had now reached the opposite shore of the river, and they alighted. The dwarf then whistled three times upon the golden key which was suspended at his waist, when three gloomy rocks, which presented their rugged fronts at the spot where they landed, slowly



sunk into the earth, and two folding doors, which were wrought in the solid earth, harshly creaking as they opened, displayed the entrance into a subterraneous castle.

The dwarf led them through six anti-chambers, which were sparingly illuminated, and left them in the seventh, where only a single lamp was burning. After a short time, the dwarf returned. The brothers, in spite of their resolution, felt their hearts beat violently, and their breath was almost taken from them.

“Algol awaits you on his throne,” said he, and in an instant the lofty folding doors of the presence-chamber were thrown open.

The stream of light which poured from the immense hall, nearly deprived the sons of Bator of their eye-sight, as well as their power of motion. They,

however, staggered into the apartment, and at the threshold fell upon their faces before the hundred girandoles from which the dazzling rays of light were emitted; and before the four and twenty giants of massive silver, which, in two rows, were shouldering their chesnut-coloured clubs; and before the precious stones which sparkled from the canopy; and before the magician himself, who sat beneath the canopy. Algol arose, and advanced to meet them. He graciously commanded them to rise, and saluted them one after the other. He kissed them on both cheeks, as formerly the emirs had kissed the cheeks of their father Bator.

“Ye are welcome, my children,” said he, “ye are most heartily welcome. From the hour that I knew you were on your journey, I could with difficulty wait for the present mo-

ment. Lay aside your timidity, and be assured that in me ye behold your best friend."

He then made a sign to them that they should repose on the white and gold embroidered cushions which were placed on his right and left. They obeyed him, and he seated himself under the throne in the midst of them.

"Yes, my sons," he continued, "I repeat it to you once more, your visit gives me the greatest joy; and I shall ever reckon the day when I became acquainted with the sons of my worthy friend Bator, among the number of my festal days. Alas! that my friend can not himself be with us at this hour, that we have to lament his loss, and that that loss should be so premature! For, my sons, if it were desert that determined the ages of men, your father would have survived a century


longer:— He, who was at once the pearl of the Persian empire, and the crown of his province: He, a thinking man without cunning, and a philanthropist without weakness: He, who, when he committed the only error of his life, (I mean in precipitately paying his creditors,) evinced a magnanimity of soul which even they must admire who could not praise it without qualification.”

Algol paused, and putting the end of his little finger to his left eye, appeared to rub a tear from it. The four brothers were sensibly affected, and wept bitterly.

“ But, my children,” resumed Algol, “ I will not embitter the joys of this day by indulging in painful recollections. A departed friend cannot be re-called by the tears we shed to his memory; and unless all my knowledge

deceives me, the place which Bator held in my affections will be amply supplied by you ; for, if my eyes really behold what they seem to behold, the genius of my departed friend dwells with all its power and loveliness in each of his offspring. Henceforth, therefore, I will attach myself to you, and seek to discharge what I owe to the ashes of the father, by awakening the spirit which is in his sons. This duty is sacred ; but the fulfilment of it is as sweet as it is sacred. — Yet let me not forget ! — Before I discharge this obligation, the performance of another must precede it, which is equally sacred, and equally sweet.”

Algol stamped with his foot. The dwarf with the golden shield and the golden key entered, received a secret command from his master, and retired. In a few minutes he returned, and be-



hind him came in pairs eight moors, all dressed in rose-coloured satin. Each pair bore between them a casket of black ebony, edged with silver. The moors set the caskets before their master, and went out as they came in.

“ My sons,” began the benevolent magician again, “ a lady, a friend whose memory will be ever dear to me, entrusted me with a commission, which it is the first of my duties towards you to execute. You already know that your excellent aunt, one of my most intimate friends, felt the anxiety of a mother for your future welfare ; and I am assured that during your whole lives ye will gratefully revere her memory. Behold here the gifts which her love has provided for you, and which her confidence deposited for a time in my hands. With the most heartfelt satisfaction I render them to

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you, and cordially wish you joy in ~~the~~ possession of them. Your portion ~~is~~ besides equal, and each of you pos-  
sesses ten thousand Persian pieces ~~of~~ gold."

The four brothers bowed themselves ~~three~~ three times to the earth, each took ~~possession~~ possession of his ebony casket, which ~~he~~ he was just able to lift from the ground. Each stammered a few words of grateful thanks, and bowed himself again three times to the earth.

The magician pointed to their cushions, and they again reposed upon them. He waved his hand, and instantly the floor began to shake, for the four and twenty giants of massive silver marched solemnly away in measured steps, which made the hall tremble beneath their tread.

"My sons," began Algol again, as soon as he found himself alone with the

four children of Bator and the dwarf, —“ my sons, ye have no friend by whose experience ye may be guided, and ye are from henceforward left to the guidance of your own will. Know, my children, that youth is surrounded by dangers, and that those dangers are encreased ten-fold by the caskets of gold which stand before you. But, — I loved Bator once, as a father loveth his sons, and I love you now as I once loved your father. Ye have henceforth to supply his place to me, and I will supply his place to you. Hearken, therefore, attentively to what I am about to say, and suffer not one of my words to pass unheeded.”

The magician here paused, and cast his eyes upon the ground for a short period, like one sunken in deep meditation. The four brothers took advantage of this pause to adjust themselves on



their cushions, and collect together their scattered thoughts.

Algol had already given them gold, and was now about to give them wisdom also. Wisdom is a hundred times more precious than gold ; and each of them made a solemn vow that he would deeply impress on his mind the sayings of his benefactor. Hassan alone, he who paused as he stood upon the hills on the road from Beitulsalam, looking back upon his father's dwelling ; had the strange whim of watching, not only the words of the benevolent magician, but also his eyes, his left nostril, and his upper lip. For Algol was, in fact, a very well-made man, and had a prepossessing figure ; but his upper lip, from time to time, without any absolute necessity for it, exposed to sight some half dozen of his teeth ; his left nostril had acquired the habit

of indulging in sudden twitches and snatches; and his eyes, which were in perpetual converse with the eternal eyes of heaven, were obstinately bent on refusing to meet those of all mortal beings.

After Algol had given the four youths time to stretch their faculties to a state of the most rigid attention, he rubbed his forehead and eyes slowly with his right hand, and began to speak again.

“My sons,” said he, “ye all know, and every one knows, that in this empire of Persia there are a great number of fairies. Ye know also that these fairies rival each other in beauty, riches, and power. But ye do not know; what indeed few are informed of, that among these fairies is one who surpasses all the rest in beauty, power, and riches, and that this queen of all fairies bears the name of AMATONDA. O, my sons!

he who knows the fairy Amatonda, is transported with rapture when he hears but her name pronounced; and let him, whose heart has never beaten, seek to know her, and feel whether he has a heart that is still capable of beating.

“ For know, that he, before whom the fairy Amatonda has but a single time appeared, — whom she has but once encircled within her magic arms, — whom she has but once pressed to her virgin bosom, and transported with one fairy kiss, — *he* is from henceforth become the favorite of destiny, and has nought further to fear from the caprice of fortune. From the moment of this embrace, his repose cannot be disturbed by omnipotent Nature herself; his bliss cannot be assailed by the shocks of eternal destiny.

“ From henceforward the treasures of the earth may fall to his share; he

will receive them as unexpected guests are received. He may be suddenly stripped of these treasures; and he will see them depart as we behold strangers depart. Let him ascend to the highest dignities, he will know how to clothe himself in them, as a man puts on a cloak of ceremony; he may be dismissed from his dignities, and he will stand as completely equipped as before. And, what transcends in importance every other prerogative, my sons, the highest of all the enjoyments granted to mortals, that fore-taste of the ravishing delights which await you in the Paradise of the great Prophet, that which gives life to all pleasure, and is the spirit of all life — *Love*, my children, will be a source of bliss only, not of anguish to him.

“ All the charms of those half-earthly, half-celestial beings, which ye call beau-

teous women, will be his own. He will enjoy what is earthly in them, like a voluptuary, but he will break the rose without touching the thorn. Let this earthly bliss be denied him, he will still smile, for he will feel that what is not of earth cannot be torn from him. For know, that the demi-god who has once cast his eyes upon celestial beauty, rests in the enjoyment of it as long as the blood flows through his veins."

The four youths of Beitulsalam gave no sign of life. Their mouths were open: their eyes were without motion. Nothing like this had ever been said to them in the province of Tauris. Algol was silent, that the functions of life might be renewed in them, and now a four-fold exclamation was echoed from the marble walls of the immense apartment.

"Yes, my sons," Algol resumed,

“ he whom the fairy Amatonda has embraced, enjoys the repose of the blessed, whether he be transplanted into a gorgeous palace, or left to pass his days in the solitude of a lowly cottage ; whether he press into the midst of giddy crowds, or whether he wander alone in the retired wilderness. But even in Persia, there are found few examples of such an embrace in the course of a whole century ; for the fairy Amatonda has proclaimed the inviolable law, that she will embrace *him only who lives in entire peace with his own heart.* This peace, let me however remind you, is of no easy attainment ; but it is not therefore impossible. Noble minds yearn after arduous achievements ; they scorn the easy acquisition ; and he who earnestly wills to do what he can, will not fail to do what he wills, more especially

if he reject not the guidance of an experienced friend."

An involuntary movement, which proceeded from the heaving bosoms of the youths, and appeared on a sudden to invigorate their arms, which were before lying motionless on the cushions, indicated to the magician that they too loved the arduous. He mused for a few seconds, to let the vibrations of the movement die away, and then continued.

"Your noble disquietude, my young friends, betrays the longing desire of your hearts; and, unless I have decyphered amiss the book of fate, I have read in it the name of Amatonda united to that of the sons of Bator. The light which I partake of shall therefore shine to you also, and my finger shall point out to every one of you, the path which will assuredly conduct him to the arms

of the fairy princess. But each of you, my children, has a heart as well as eyes which are his own. Each of you has other wishes, other wants, other claims; and were all of you to make your pilgrimage to Amatonda on the same road, three of you at least would certainly fail. Your paths diverge widely from each other, but at the end of each stands Amatonda, with open arms ready to receive you.

“ But, lest I should be the cause of a needless jealousy among you, it is necessary that I should communicate to each apart what it is necessary that each should know; and I am assured that you will preserve within the recesses of your several bosoms the secret which I shall impart. I will now for a short time dismiss you, that you may, without restraint, enjoy the



refreshments which a laborious journey must have rendered needful."

The four brothers arose, and prostrated themselves on the earth before the wisdom which had been addressed to them. The dwarf made a sign, and they followed him with unsteady steps into another hall, the walls of which appeared to consist only of unbroken mirrors. But on a sudden,—let the reader conceive the astonishment of the innocent strangers, or rather let him prepare himself for emotions of secret terror,—on a sudden, they beheld at their side—four unspeakably benignant, and unspeakably bashful maidens, who were all enveloped in a garment resembling the azure firmament, besprinkled with silver stars, and who probably had only that morning left the Paradise of the great Prophet.

Had the sons of Bator on a sudden beheld four wolves or four bears, they would have been terrified, that is true; but they would certainly have sought for safety in the strength of their arms. But against such aërial phænomena, there is no thinking of either armour or escape. For, let an army of 10,000 sturdy striplings be assembled in Persia,—all armed from head to foot, with scymeters in their hands, and ready for combat;—let the colours be flying around them, and the matches be lighted;—let the trumpets and kettle-drums urge the warriors to the attack;—and then let an army of 10,000 blooming maidens appear before them, armed with nothing but thin muslin which flutters around them, and the silken girdle which somewhat restrains the fluttering.—Let the female general step

modestly forward, and, bending herself gracefully, with a divine smile, lay her right hand on her bosom, and point with her left to the fearful squadron behind,—the haughty colours will be soon seen unsteadily waving in both wings of the hostile army ;—and then let her raise her voice, and, with down-cast eyes and bashful blush, humbly beg that the general of the male army will have the goodness, *without delay, to surrender at discretion* ;—and one might wager, without danger, a million pieces of Persian gold against a chesnut, that, before the fourth part of an hour has elapsed, the matches will be extinguished under feet, the army and swords cast upon the ground, and their former possessors led into slavery. For the well known fable of that tremendous being, who, by the glances which beam merely from two beauteous

eyes, stuns and confounds all living beings, and renders them as motionless as stone, but not as hard : — this fable, be it known, was not invented in jest, but in Persia, no man dares confess that he understands it.

The four brothers from Beitulsalam were far from being recovered from their consternation, when the four maidens from Paradise already stretched out their arms towards them, with a ravishing condescension, and then they all sat in pairs upon the rose-coloured sofas.

Lambs and innocent striplings have from time immemorial had this in common, that they lose all their appetite for food when shut up with wolves and innocent maidens. The four aërial forms took each one golden cup after the other, and pressed the young men, with the sweetest entreaties, to accept

of refreshment from one of the cups at least: but it was all in vain; not one of them could take a single sip; while the paleness of death and the flush of a fever alternately set upon their cheeks. There they were, with fixed eyes, now and then bending their heads in silence, and unable to pronounce, or even to call to their recollection, any one of the many thousand words of the Persian language with which they were acquainted.

Hassan alone recovered his voice for a moment. He suddenly sunk from his sofa upon the floor, and, throwing himself before the figure which had him in her power, exclaimed eagerly:

“Are you, then, perhaps, the fairy Amatonda? and have you, then, secretly embraced me while I was lost in astonishment?”

“No, Persian!” replied the maiden,

blushing sweetly as she spake, " my name is not Amatonda, and I never embraced any one but these, my play-fellows. Algol is occupied in his observatory, and he sent us hither that we might invite you to take some refreshment. It is a sad pity that we are so unfit for our office."

Now, it is notorious that the daughters of Paradise have two hands, and it is also notorious that those hands have the secret power of attracting to them the lips of all the young men who kneel before them, whosoever they may be. While, therefore, Hassan was on his knees, and the maiden was answering him, one of her hands began to exert its power, and Hassan was instantly compelled to cover it with burning kisses. After a short time, the other hand began to attract more strongly than the former, and

Hassan was under the necessity of loading that too with his embraces. And in this way both hands continued to play their tricks with poor Hassan ; for the hand which was not kissed always had a stronger attraction than the one on which his lips actually lay.

His brothers, in like manner, were not long able to retain their seats on their sofas. It was quite affecting to behold how, one after the other, they were each drawn down to the feet of these female magicians, by some secret enchantment ; and how they, as well as Hassan, were made sport of by the two hands of their respective tormentors. Hassan, however, had luckily just found out the expedient of kissing both hands of his persecutor at once, when a clap of thunder put a sudden end to the necromancy.

Algol, who possibly on this one occa-

sion had not been looking at the stars, believed that the sons of Bator had now had time to take the refreshment which was offered them, and gave an intimation by thunder from his observatory, that the dwarf should conduct the youths to him.

The dwarf entered, and the daughters of Paradise instantly glowed like young roses in the morning dew. The dwarf requested the brothers to follow him, but the sorceresses had already enveloped their invisible toils so closely round them, that they did not hear his message till it had been thrice repeated. They tore themselves quickly from the maidens; the invisible toils all burst with a few loud sighs, and the dwarf opened the door. Hassan, even when he had reached it, might possibly feel that he was bound by some cords, for he hastily sprang back,



and threw himself upon the hand of the enchantress, probably to moisten the ligatures by which he was still bound, with the tears which fell from him.

They followed the dwarf to the observatory, who made them ascend some hundred steps, and, having desired the three younger brothers to tarry in the anti-chamber, he opened the door of the observatory to the eldest.

Algol sat upon a sofa, and before him stood a desk, on which was a huge volume. It lay open, and was covered with unknown characters. Towards each of the four quarters of the firmament a number of telescopes were fixed, and on the floor there lay around, some rolls of parchment. *Solmar* was ordered to place himself upon the sofa.

“ My son,” began Algol in a solemn tone, “ *of thee much will be spoken, and I wish thee joy to victory and glory.* Thou appearest astonished at my address ; but I will explain it to thee as far as thy welfare requires.

“ Even now, valor announces itself in the firmness of thy step ; and the piercing glance of thy eye would point out to me thy future destination, had I not elsewhere read the prognostics of thy fame. Perhaps thou art yet unacquainted with thyself ; but I will cause a prancing steed to march before thee, equipped for the field—a trumpet shall invite it to the combat ; it shall neigh, and beat the ground with its feet, eager to rush upon the foe, and —— Thou hast betrayed thyself ; I see thy eyes sparkle ; and from this hour thou art become conscious of thy own nature. Yes, my son, thy swelling

chest demands to be covered with a breast-plate ; and thy right arm has been strung with muscles of iron, that it may wield a sword. A youth endued with thy fire and thy consciousness, is not formed for the inglorious ease of a country life, or the paltry restlessness of commerce, or the consuming ennui of a court. Thy calling is to pass thy days on the war-horse, and thy nights in the tented field : the sole way which thou hast to take in search of *the entire repose of thy heart*, is the way on which the trumpet of war shall lead thee.

“ I see thou art resolved ; and therefore I will at once give thee the intelligence thou needest, that thou mayst without delay enter on the career which leads thee to glory. The stars have instructed me, that the ravaging Osmañs have entered one of the frontier-pro-

vinces. The barbarians are scattering fire and sword in every direction, and are leading men, women, and children into slavery. The Shah of Persia is collecting a powerful army to avenge this inroad. Arise, then, and let me initiate thee into thy calling."

Algol arose, and fixed a gorgeous belt on the loins of the eldest son of Bator. To the belt was attached a sword with a sparkling hilt.

"This sword, my son, pierces every bone on which it alights. Accept it as a proof of my love, and by its aid acquire to thyself an immortal name in the annals of Persia; and, in so doing, also, the eternal repose of thy heart. Equip for thyself a warlike steed, hasten to the army which the Shah of Persia has collected, and solicit permission to join in avenging thy country.

\* “In spirit, I already see thee mounting thy charger, and drawing forth thy sword on the day of the first battle. Thou invitest volunteers to join thee. Thou placest thyself at their head. Thou and they rush together, like a torrent, upon the ranks of the Osmons. A dreadful combat ensues between man and man. To the right and left thou spreadest mutilation and slaughter. Thy sword hews thee a passage into the phalanx of the Osmons, and their ranks are broken and overwhelmed. Thy arm has decided the first battle, and thy name resounds from wing to wing of the Persian army. I see the commander in chief in search of thee ; he embraces thee, and entrusts to thee a division of his army. Thou pressest forward, and never recedest ; and he who fights under thy banner, feels his strength encreased four-fold.

The Shah of Persia entrusts an army to thee; thou conquerest provinces, and——but I refrain; it becomes not me to anticipate the history of the Persian empire.

“Hasten, therefore, mount thy steed, and repair to the army; for only on the reeking field of slaughter, in the midst of streams of blood, and surrounded by the groans and cries of the wounded and the dying, *will Amatonda appear before thee, and embrace thee.*”

Solmar fell prostrate upon the earth, kissed the hem of Algol's garment, and glowed with impatience to rush upon the swarms of the ravaging Osmans.

The magician smiled with benignity upon him, making a sign that he might retire. The dwarf then beckoned to *Murad*, the second brother, who entered the apartment, and placed

himself on the sofa by the side of Algol.

“My son,” said the magician, as he turned over one of the leaves of his huge book, “I once knew a young man, whom nature had furnished with the most powerful of all letters of introduction, the efficacy of which was instantly acknowledged by all who perused it: it consisted in the gift of pleasing. This youth had a noble and slender figure; his body could assume every graceful posture, and all his movements were unconstrained and unpretending. While the prepossessing features of his countenance seemed to *solicit* kindness, his aquiline nose implied the power of *seizing it with violence*, in case of necessity. And, with these attractions, it was to no purpose that the modesty which sat upon his forehead, seemed, as it were, to over-

shadow the acuteness which shone in his eyes. This youth, however, took this letter of introduction, and buried it in a wilderness. I ask thee, therefore, my son, whether, in acting thus, he did right or wrong."

"Surely, not right," answered Murad with precipitation, and at the same time he bowed lowly towards the earth.

"My dear son," continued the magician, "he is not culpable who does not possess a talent; but he is, who neglects to employ what he does possess: but the youth of whom I spake is thyself, and thou wouldst commit a species of self-murder, wert thou any longer to bury thy graces and powers in a remote province of Persia. He who possesses understanding, manners, and an aquiline nose, is born to please and to govern; and he who is formed to govern, will find repose no where



but in the seat of power, and will never be embraced by Amatonda but at the court of a mighty sultan. And in these words I have pointed out to thee thy career."

Murad bowed before the magician with deep veneration.

"In our courts of Asia, understanding is prized beyond all estimation; but in none is it more highly valued than in the capital of the Sultan of *Cashmire*. Every spark of intelligence is there the object of universal admiration, and even the appearance only of a spark sets the city in tumult. It is therefore thy duty, immediately on thy return, to take an eternal farewell of Beitulsalam, and repair to Cashmire.

"When thou art there, my son, begin thy career as a stranger, by enquiring the names of those who at present stand in the favour of the court, that

thou mayst find out their male slaves and female slaves, and fall prostrate before them. These slaves will praise thy understanding to their masters, and their masters' wives, and thou wilt again fall prostrate before them, yet not so humbly as before the slave through whom thou hast gained admittance. Thou wilt then endeavour to profit, especially among the women; by the praises which will have preceded thee; and if these women are wanting in youth, or if their youth is wanting in attractions, they will be more susceptible to the impression of thy attentions and importunities.

“In general, I trust to thy own sense of decorum, that thou wilt accustom thyself in Cashmire to think what thou dost not say, and to say what thou dost not think;—to give the name of a virtue to vice, and of a vice

to virtue ; — to kiss thy friends twice, and thy enemies four times ; — and in every instance to profit by the present occasion, and make use of thy understanding.”

Algol drew from his finger a diamond ring, and presented it to Murad.

“ And that in Cashmire thou mayst err as seldom as possible, this ring, with which my paternal care furnishes thee, will press the inner part of thy finger when thou speakest *too warmly* on any subject, and the outer part of it when thy language is *too cold*. Go thy way, my son, please and govern. When the inhabitants of the kingdom of Cashmire shall fall down on their faces before thee ; — when the grandees of the court shall anxiously watch the expression of thy countenance ; — when the sultan shall now and then gratefully press thee by the hand ; — and

when the sultanas shall burn with jealousy, and intrigue for the privilege of assuring thee in private of their favor ; — then first in some secret chamber of the palace at Cashmire, will *Amatonda* appear before thee, and embrace thee.”

Murad sprang hastily up, and hurried towards the door ; but on a sudden he recollected himself, threw himself in a graceful posture once more upon the sofa, and kissed three times the carpet upon which the feet of the magician rested.

Algol, with an approving smile, informed him he might retire. The dwarf made a sign to the third brother, and *Selim* entered, and placed himself on the sofa on which his brother sat before.

“ My son,” said the magician, “ sultans die, and are forgotten ; heroes die, and are accursed ; poets die, and are

deified. I have more than a year longed to behold thee face to face, and am overjoyed that this day has crowned my wishes. Dost thou know this writing?"

The magician put into his hand some papers which lay near him; and Selim, having recognised his own hand-writing, blushed, and made a deep bow.

"A present from thy father," continued Algol, "and one I would part with for no price. I have heard that the author would often spend his days without food, and his nights without sleep, in order to inscribe on paper the workings of his fancy; but thus much I certainly know, that he is regardless of both sleep and food, who contemplates these his creations. How admirable are they! What the omnipotence of Nature could never unite, is here combined and consolidated with

perfect harmony ; and what Nature could never separate, hold here an independent existence, and wonder at each other when they meet. Yes, my son, when Nature had produced the fancy of this poet, she beheld her own daughter with wonder, kissed her, and dismissed her with these words,—‘ Go thy way, and prosper, my daughter, though thy mother will be eclipsed by thee ; and this is just, for the mother, if she purpose to shake the earth, must at least set a volcano in motion, but the daughter lets a single rose-leaf fall, and the pillars of the globe totter !’ ”

Selim sat in silent meditation, and cast his eyes upon the ground.

“ I said, *when poets die* ; forgive me, Selim, I erred, *poets never die*. They *cannot* die, at least not until every thing has perished which can perish. Yes, my son, poets alone are immortal,

and Selim, the son of Bator, was born a poet."

Selim breathed anxiously, and beheld Algol with an air of melancholy.

"The feverish carnation of thy cheek, my son, the melting of thy eye, and even the sigh, which, if I mistake not, I lately heard, betray to me that thou art conscious of thy own nature, and hast a presentiment of the larger horizon marked out for thee. Thy presentiment is just, my son. Hitherto thou hast known nothing but — how shall I fitly name it? — *the monotonous confusion of lifeless nature*. As yet, thou art unacquainted with *the great world*, and art ignorant of the inexhaustible affluence of forms which it presents to thee; of the delightful concatenation of passions by which it is maintained; and more especially of

the ineffable bliss which springs from *refined love.*”

Selim attempted to suppress a sigh, but the sigh was obstinate, and forced itself a passage with violence.

“ Be comforted, my son ; nothing is yet lost ; and if thou honestly followest the counsels of an experienced friend, thou wilt not fail to partake of immortality, peace with thy own heart, and the embrace of Amatonda. There is one spot on the earth alone adapted to give thee entire repose. This spot has been, during a century, the seat of cultivated manners, and the school of good taste ; and there thou wilt find judges, more especially female judges, who, by their kind aid, will give to thy works perfection, and, by their favouring judgment, affix on them the stamp of immortality. *Agra*, the splendid residence of the grand Mogul, is the spot



of which I speak. There, Selim, thou wilt in one day find more materials for thought, than in the province of Tauris in a whole century."

Selim announced, by a low bow to the magician, that he was resolved to obey.

"Is it, then, thy concern to secure the embrace of Amatonda, my son, tarry not by the way; hasten to Agra, and rushing into the midst of the raging waves of that immense capital, see, hear, imbibe all that presents itself to thee, and be inspired. Then pour forth the visions which thou wilt behold, in one stream upon thy paper. Should they be strange, perplexed, and monstrous, so much the better for thee. Change nothing, polish nothing, complete nothing. Thy work must absolutely proceed from nothing, and lead to nothing. It must present

nothing upon which the mind can distinctly rest; but so much the more that may be obscurely felt. Then seek, in some dictionary, for some twenty extravagant words; write those words on twenty pieces of paper, and let a child draw one of them by chance. Set the word which shall be drawn, at the head of thy work, and if thou place two such words at the front of thy production, then the issue will be more sure. But both titles must have no reference to each other, nor to thy work. Then, happy Selim, bring forth thy production on a sudden, and thou wilt be astonished at the astonishment of all Agra."

Selim stared with wonder at the magician.

" 'Oh how divine a man!' the ladies will all exclaim;—there is no knowing what he aims at.'—It turns one

quite giddy to follow him ; and then, it is written so strangely and queerly, that absolutely no common person is able to read it aloud !’ ‘ By Alla and Bramha !’ the men will afterward exclaim, ‘ this is a genuine masterpiece, — pure, luxuriant, inartificial nature, no end, no design, no whole ; you may read it as well backwards as forwards !’ — ‘ He never fails to give us something to think upon ; — we must have him of our parties.’ — ‘ Thy work, my son, will be the novelty of the day in all the four quarters of Agra. The men will invite thee to their feasts, and the women to their toilets. The men will scatter incense before thee, and the women will give thee their scarfs to tye, and their veils to unbind.’”

Selim sighed again, and deeper than he had ever sighed before.

" Within twelve months after thy arrival, thou wilt shower down thy second work upon too happy Agra, and thou thyself wilt bow before this work, as if it were an oracle. But Agra will become intoxicated ; and whoever does not hail thee *son of the gods*, or at least, *brother of immortality*, will be banished from all good company by the ladies. ' Oh, praised be our age ! ' men and women will exclaim, ' a being of a higher order has appeared among us. We do not understand what he says, but so much the more just is our homage. ' "

Algol handed a golden tube to the son of Bator.

" My son, time will be invaluable to thee in Agra ; and he who saves time, saves much. Accept, as a proof of my love, this small tube. It contains a pen which will never become

blunt, and which will write as fast as thou speakest. Hasten now to thy splendid destiny. Wave the magic rod of thy imagination over the immense capital, and throw its inhabitants into a state of rapture with thy fictions, as if they were unheard of visions of the air; and then, when on each morning the first question which proceeds from the ladies of Agra will be, ‘What new work has the immortal man produced?’—when the traveller, on his return from Agra, shall, before all things, relate whether he had the felicity of catching a glimpse of thee, though at a distance;—and when a lock of thy hair, divided into many small portions, and enclosed in a hundred sparkling lockets, shall adorn a hundred of the fairest bosoms in Agra;—then, Selim, while thou art encircling by the side of one of

the most brilliant beauties of Agra, in the silence of a solitary apartment, and by the faint light of a remote and single taper, which has for an hour been neglected;—at such a moment, Selim, *Anatonda will appear before thee, and embrace thee.*”

The last words of the magician raised the enthusiasm of Selim to its utmost height. He could no longer restrain himself; but sprang up hastily, and embraced Algol. Then he sank down, and kissed the hem of his garment. Then he arose once more, and again embraced the magician.

Algol, with a friendly smile, then intimated to Selim that he should retire, and the dwarf beckoned to the youngest brother. *Hassan* entered; but the magician was forced to press him three times, before he would place himself

on the seat his brothers had occupied by the side of Algol.

“ My son,” said he, after he had for some time silently perused the great book, “ thy innocent countenance won my affections at the first moment that I beheld thee; and I especially rejoiced to behold in thee the image of thy father Bator, whom I never can forget. That repose of soul which is obvious to those who behold thee, even if they have not studied the human countenance, clearly shows that thou art conscious of no evil; and the attractive benevolence which at the same time also shines in thy eye, announces to every one that thou suspectest no evil in others. But, my child, this purity of heart, which, on the one hand, so delights me, on the other hand, makes me tremble for thee.

“ Men are selfish, deceitful, and malignant. Thou art generous, confidential, and compassionate. Thy father, whom I have bitterly deplored, has left thee. Thy elder brothers, whom I heartily love, must also leave thee in search of Amatonda. Thou standest alone, without a guide, a counsellor, or friend. The good are, alas ! destined to be the prey of the wicked ; and, wert thou to remain longer alone in the midst of a corrupt world, thou wouldst soon fatally experience this in thyself. Thy heart would then be indignant against mankind ; peace with thyself would be lost for ever ; and Amatonda would never be found by thee.”

Hassan sighed aloud, as soon as he heard the name of Amatonda.

“ But there still remain asylums whither integrity, brotherly love, and all the social virtues have fled for re-



fuge; where peace and fidelity take up their abode; and from which deceit and dissention are expelled."

Hassan fixed his looks upon the eye of the magician, who at the same time grasped his hand.

"Thou canst readily imagine that I speak of those venerable walls which resound only with pious prayers and sacred hymns; and whose inhabitants call each other brothers, and are really brothers. Arise, therefore, my son, secure the purity of thy soul, or, for it is the same thing, peace in thy heart. Leave Beitulsalam behind thee. Receive the legacy of thy aunt, and all that is thine; give one half of it to the poor, and the other half to the holy abode which thou wilt select as thy place of refuge, and become a *pious dervise*."

Hassan slowly withdrew his hand from the hand of the magician.

**“Thy heroic resolution will resound through all Persia. Men and women will be anxious to behold the blooming youth who gave one half of his property to the poor, and one half to the sanctuary. From each province the worshippers of the great Prophet will make their pilgrimage to the abode of the new saint, and will spread the fame of thy devotion through every province to which they return. The virtues, my son, are contagious; and from thee will proceed the virtues of other men.”**

Algol took a small girdle of hair which lay by him, and presented it to the youth.

**“With this girdle I consecrate thee to thy vocation. He who wears it is able to continue for twelve hours, without intermission, and without becoming giddy, the dance round the sacred ring**

of the venerable servants of the Prophet. While thy holy brethren, stunned and senseless from the rotary motion, will lie on the ground, thou wilt be able, to the wonder of the prostrate believers, to sustain the dance for many hours, and at last stand upright upon one foot ! Believers will from that hour fall on their faces when they behold thee but at a distance. They will, by degrees, lead all the sick who are afflicted to thee, and the touch of thy hand will cure the diseases of those who have faith in thee. At length, in the midst of the grateful blessings of the poor, whom thou wilt have fed, clothed, and healed ;—amid the eulogies and benedictions of the holy brethren, whose pride and oracle thou wilt be ;—amid the burning kisses which men and women will press with ardent devotion on the

prints of thy feet ;— at some solemn celebration which will take place within those holy walls, in the presence of thy brethren and all the people, *Amatonda will on a sudden appear before thee, and embrace thee.*”

Hassan was sunk in deep meditation. The magician made a sign to him that he might retire. Hassan arose, and, in his absence of mind, forgot to kiss the hem of Algol's garment, and went out to his brothers.

The dwarf invited the four sons of Bator to empty a small golden cup to the health of their sublime benefactor. Each emptied the golden cup, and, as they severally opened their eyes, they found themselves on their beds in Beitulsalam ; and by the bed of each stood his casket containing the pieces of gold ; and on each casket was severally laid the present given by the

magician to the four sons of Bator. The enchanted draught from the golden cup had thrown them into a deep slumber, and a chariot, drawn by flying dragons, had rapidly brought them to their lowly dwelling.

Having recovered from their astonishment, the sons of Bator proceeded to examine their caskets, and found the magician was a man of his word: not one of the promised number of the pieces of gold was missing. They all deposited their treasures in a place of security, and departed in silence in different directions.

Murad withdrew to a retired spot, in order to practise genuflexions and prostrations; and at the same time he fixed his admiring eyes on the finger which bore the diamond ring, the present from Algol.

Selim, also, finding himself alone,

pronounced, with rapture an interminable poem in praise of his benefactor Algol, and with his golden pen affixed it upon paper, while in the act of declaiming it.

Solmar, lost in fancy, wandered to a neighbouring thicket, and there, with his sword, hewed himself a path through thorns and briars.

Hassan, in the mean while, went and hid his girdle in the hollow of a tree, and, with his hands crossed behind him, sauntered through the fields of which he was co-inheritor. As he walked, he frequently shook his head, remained now and then motionless in his path, talked often to himself, and muttered between his lips something concerning the fairy Amatonda.

Night came on, and the brothers were once more together. They could not converse, and soon retired to their

several chambers : but there they could not sleep. They sighed as they lay restless on their beds ; nor could any one of them, during the whole night, find a posture in which he could repose.

Day broke, and they all sprang hastily from their beds ; but, when they met, each was occupied by his own meditations. At length, Selim broke silence, by asking how many days' journey it might be to Agra ; and instantly Murad enquired the distance from Cashmire ; and Solmar how far it was to the Osman frontiers. No one, however, answered the enquiries of his brother, and they all relapsed into their former silence. Hassan alone made no enquiries ; for he had been standing unmoved at the window, with his eyes fixed on the door of his neighbour's house which was on the opposite side of the way.

When they sat down to their noon-day meal, it was immediately obvious that no one was hungry. From mere *ennui*, the brothers began at length to converse; first of the weather, then of the ravaging Osmans, the great mogul, and the sultanas of Cashmire; and at last the three elder brothers confessed that they had pressing business in the wide world, and were obliged to abandon Beitulsalam for ever. It was further discovered to be indispensably necessary for them to sell their paternal inheritance to the first purchaser they could find, and divide the produce between them.

“ Brothers,” said Hassan, “ I know of a purchaser; call some intelligent person on whom you can rely; let him estimate the value of our father’s land; I have no business in the wide world, and our bargain will soon be closed.”



Hassan's proposal was received with great approbation. The intelligent person was found, the land was estimated, and the three elder brothers received the purchase money from Hassan without a moment's delay.

He who is looking forward to the joys of life, has no time to lose. The three brothers hastened the preparations for their journey as much as possible, and, on one fine morning, set off together in search of Amatonda.

Hassan embraced them all with tears in his eyes, one after the other, wished them success and joy in all their undertakings, looked after them as long as he could see them, and then continued standing pensively at the entrance of his paternal inheritance, which was now become his property.

"I wish, with all my heart," said he to himself, "that they may meet

with Mrs. Amatonda, whoever she may be; but for my part, I will not stir a step after her."

He then seized a spade, took his girdle of hair which the magician had given him, from out of the hollow tree in which he had placed it, and walked slowly along to the furthest corner of his little estate, muttering to himself as he went along. He then dug a deep hole, and threw his girdle into it.

"I can use thee for nothing," said he; and if the great Prophet preserve to me these two hands and this spade, I care not a fig for any present a sorcerer can make me."

He was thus employed in shovelling the soil upon his girdle, when a young dervise passed by, and begged alms of him: Hassan stopped, and gave him something. The dervise thanked him

humbly, and asked him what he was burying.

"A magic girdle," said Hassan.

"How! a magic girdle! and what, then, is its virtue?"

"He who wears it, can turn himself round in a circle for twelve hours without ceasing, and without growing giddy."

"By the great Prophet! and durst thou bury so great a jewel? Give it to me."

"Take it, if thou wilt; I envy no one his acquisition."

The dervise threw himself upon the earth, and, with both hands, eagerly dragged up the precious girdle. Hassan filled up the hole again with his spade, and they departed, well pleased, from each other.

Solitude in Beitulsalam is an un-

pleasant situation at the age of twenty-one; and if it should happen that the recluse should have a female neighbour with a pair of blue eyes, and being only eighteen years old, who in like manner lives alone, this solitude then becomes one of the greatest torments conceivable. However, Amina, the daughter of Abuhissar, did not live quite alone; for she was mistress of the little cottage of her aged father; and every one at Beitulsalam said, that she discharged her duties as house-keeper with as much sweetness and alacrity, as her worthy mother had done before her, who had been dead about a year.

When Hassan had lived three whole days in solitude, his dwelling became quite a burthen to him. He had no other relief than to keep continually opening the casement which fronted

the abode of Amina. But might not any stranger who passed the street, to say nothing of the inhabitants of Beitulsalam, hit upon the idea that Hassan might be standing at the window in order to look at Amina when she came out? He blushed at the thought, and always shut the window whenever it occurred to him; but as he was always forgetting it again, he resolved to go into the fields where no one could see him.

After wandering about some time, he fell into a deep reverie, and then quite unintentionally knocked at the door of his neighbour's house. The aged Abuhissar was not at home: Amina came to the door, and with her usual good nature invited Hassan to step in. Hassan then discovered where he was, and was frightened at his blunder. But the thing could no

longer be remedied ; so he went in with Amina.

“ Good day, Amina,” said Hassan, at last.

“ I thank you, Hassan,” said Amina.

Hassan and Amina had been for years very civil to each other, and Amina was always pleased when Hassan came. They had at all times a number of things to relate, and when they parted, there was always a something they had forgotten. They then turned back to begin again their conversation, and in this way, would sometimes take leave of each other three times successively before they could separate ; but at those times, the eyes of each used to be fixed upon the eyes of the other, and Hassan did not cast down his eyes before Amina, nor Amina her's before Hassan.

Hassan sat on his accustomed place, but he remained a long while before he spake; Amina sat and spun.

"Amina," said he, "have you heard, perhaps, that my brothers are gone into the wide world?"

"Into the wide world?"

"Aye; but I am not gone with them."

"So I see, Hassan."

"For I have bought the land of them."

"Is it possible! and do you remain in Beitulsalam?"

"Yes, and am resolved to be, and to remain a farmer; and——what was I going to say?"

"Indeed, Hassan, I cannot tell you."

"Oh! I was going to say, that I am now all alone in the house."

"Alone! you have people enough

with you.—You are not afraid, I hope?”

“Oh no, it is not that I am afraid.—I mean only——I mean that——I have forgotten again what I was going to say.”

“As to that, Hassan, we accustom ourselves to every thing. You must learn to bear it, Hassan.”

From this moment, Hassan had not a word more to say. He sat and cast his eyes upon the ground. Amina continued to spin gently at her wheel. She looked several times in his face; at first smiling as she looked, then bashfully, and afterwards only by catching a rapid glance of him. At length, she could not possibly cast her eyes upon him any longer, and her cheeks began to glow like a rose.

After having plyed her wheel for a quarter of an hour, and more than



once broken her thread, Hassan sighed deeply, and then hastily sprang up. Amina was alarmed; and instantly rose up also, and trembled as she stood. "Are you not well, Amina?" said he, catching hold of her arm, and, in doing this, he distinctly heard her heart beating. He pressed her to his bosom, and with his cheek touched her's.

"Are you not well, Amina?" said he. "Hassan, leave me," said she, stammering.

"Amina, I am afraid you are not well; or are you angry, perhaps?"

"And why should I be angry, then, Hassan?"

"May I come again, Amina?"

"You may come again, but leave me now."

"You speak so softly, Amina, that I cannot understand you."

"Leave me, dear Hassan, but come again to-morrow."

Now this is throughout all Tauris a custom, from time immemorial : whenever a trembling stripling has held a stammering maiden in his arms, and, having pressed his cheeks on her's, the cheeks of both glow more and more fervently, and their hearts beat quicker and quicker; does the young man then ask, with a faltering voice, whether he may come again, and does the maiden then answer, with quivering lips, *come again to-morrow* :—this same “ come again to-morrow,” is a flash of lightning which runs through all his nerves, fires his veins, beams through his whole frame, and for four-and-twenty hours transforms him to a higher genius, whose earthly part is borne on the wings of the celestial part of him.

The flash of lightning, “ come again to-morrow,” on a sudden separated the cheek of Hassan from the

cheek of Amina. Without uttering a word, the son of Bator, taking the powerless and patient Amina into his arms, bore her to the chair on which her father usually sat, and grasping her trembling hands, imprinted upon them two kisses, which were seven times more ardent than those he was formerly obliged to press on the hands of the daughter of Paradise, whom he had seen in the dwelling of the magician Algol.

“ I shall come, Amina, I shall come,” he cried, and rushed from the house into the open air.

“ Come again to-morrow,” said he, to the shrubs and flowers which stood in his path ; and they were far behind him.

“ Come again to-morrow,” said he, to the streams, as they murmuring ran beneath his feet ; and they vanished from before him.

He wandered into the beautiful grove which was the boundary of his land. He kissed the rock by the fountain side on which he had once plucked flowers with Amina; he embraced the trees on which were inscribed the initials of her name; he knelt down on the seat of turf which he had one day secretly raised for her: and to the rock, the trees, and the turf-seat, and to the shrubs and bushes, and to all the birds which could be either seen or heard, and to the roads and paths which he crossed, the bounding enthusiast exclaimed,—“ Leave me, dear Hassan,”—and “ Come again to-morrow.”

It was at the dusk of the evening that he entered his court yard. He immediately called his slaves together, and announced to them that his fields were henceforth to become pleasure gardens, and that he could therefore

no longer use any slaves. The slaves were alarmed, and looked at each other with sorrow; for Hassan was beloved by them all.

“Ye are free,” he continued, “and may serve whom ye please; but I will give all who choose to remain, the wages which others give to a free servant. But there are two things that I require from every one who works for me; he must be merry, and he must be active. Now go, fetch music, and if ye choose to dance till morning, I have nothing against it. Leave me now, and come again to-morrow.”

Hassan hastened to his chamber, and locked himself in. He sat down pensively, and in a few moments began to weep bitter tears, as if some great calamity had befallen him. He threw himself on his couch, and slept like a demi-god who takes rest after

- the enjoyment of unaccustomed bliss. When Hassan awoke, he found that the sun had already proceeded one-fourth of his course.

“ I am glad of it,” said Hassan ; “ I should otherwise have found the morning very tedious.”

Hassan came down. The slaves were all collected together to attend upon him. The eldest stepped forward, and said :

“ Hassan, not one of us chooses to leave you. Your land shall become a paradise, and, that it may be soon, we will instantly set about making it so ; and when we are once become active, merriment will come of itself ; for when we are aged or afflicted, you will not drive us from you.”

• “ Oh, never !” said Hassan, interrupting the speaker, “ never, by the great Prophet.”

"Yesterday we did not dance, because we were so much alarmed; but to-day, if you permit it, we will dance."

"With all my heart, and you are all my guests."

"Here, then, we give you our hands, as a pledge that we will be active and merry; and that the people who pass Beitulsalam in a few years shall be in astonishment, when they behold your cattle, your fields, and your gardens, and that we all love you as our best friend and father."

"And that I love you as my children," said Hassan, embracing the spokesman; and he then took from each of his workmen the promise which had been made in their name.

"And had you but a partner," resumed the former orator, "we should be very happy if you would dance with us."

Hassan's cheeks glowed, and, giving hastily the necessary directions for the festival of the day, he disappeared.

Amina, in the mean while, sat at home, and had a thousand troubles. Every thing, as the phrase is, was at cross-purposes with her. At other times, she was dressed before it was thought she had even begun. This morning, her hands spoiled every thing they touched.

Her snow-white neck handkerchief fell upon the ground. It is true, not a grain of dust could be seen; but there might be one upon it, and to wear a dusty handkerchief was against all decorum. She instantly picked out another, but it was her ill luck to light upon the most obstinate creature of an handkerchief that had ever been seen; for it suffered itself to be drawn, pulled, plucked, and twitched for a whole



quarter of an hour, without falling into a single fold, which for an instant would pass muster. It was absolutely necessary to make way for a third. This was happily the best-natured creature under the sun. Fold most obediently followed fold, and the two corners; which covered the sweetest twin-forms in all Tauris, resembled each other with such minute exactness, that it seemed as if the one half was cast in the mould of the other. But in this way it looked as if some cunning and toilsome art had been applied to the handkerchief, and people could not fail to comment on the vast pains taken about so mere a trifle. This would have been too unjust to be endured; therefore, another quarter of an hour was spent in endeavours to correct, with exquisite skill, the too exact symmetry of the handkerchief. At

last, however, connoisseurs would have sworn that the graceful flow of the beauteous, breathing veil, had been the work of a single moment ; at the same time that it exhibited the most enchanting form which an happy artist had ever traced in the moment of inspiration.

After a few coy ribbands, and some dozen intractable pins, had, with incomparable patience, been reduced to obedience, Amina left her apartment, and placed herself at her spinning wheel.

But there was no enduring the wheel. At one time it hummed till it made Amina's very head ache ; at another time, it stood awry ; now it spun a thread as thick as a quill, and now it absolutely stood motionless. Who could help losing her patience at last ? and, in fact, the gentle Amina was

obliged, every five minutes, to look out at the window, in order to catch a little fresh air. At length she resolved to take her wheel to pieces, in order to find out the reason why it should chance, just on this morning, to go so ill ; and she was thus employed when she heard a knocking at the door.

Abuhissar, a lively old man of sixty years of age, whose good heart shone in his very eyes, had all the while been calmly smoking his pipe in his great chair, and watching the distresses of his poor child, at which he now and then indulged in a gentle smile. He arose, and, on the present occasion, did what was commonly done by Amina herself, he opened the door for her. It was Hassan who entered.

Abuhissar received his neighbour with his usual hearty shake of the hand, and led him in.

Amina, just as Hassan entered, was stooping down to the very ground, in order to pick up her two hands full of pieces of the wheel: her face, therefore, from mere stooping, and with all the innocence in the world, was of a crimson dye when she lifted it up, and she had not the power to greet Hassan in any other way, than by offering him one of her little fingers.

“Welcome, Hassan,” said Abuhissar, “and sit down.”

“Father Abuhissar,” Hassan began; but he was forced to stop, for he was utterly out of breath.

“You look very warm, Hassan; have you been running a great way?”

“Father Abuhissar,” said Hassan a second time, “my brothers are gone into the wide world.”

“I saw them go away the other day; and may good luck go with them into

the wide world. But you, too, are changed, I see."

.. Now this change consisted in the mere circumstance, that Hassan, who usually wore the rustic dress of the humbler inhabitants of Beitulsalam, had this morning, by accident, put on the richer garments of the wealthier landholders of the province, so that he looked handsomer than ever Abuhissar had seen him before.

"Father Abuhissar," began Hassan a third time, and, in so doing, he placed himself so cunningly, that Amina could not possibly see his countenance, "to-day, I want good counsel from you."

"Speak on, Hassan, and if in any thing I can serve you, I am at your command."

At this instant a great piece of the wheel fell from Amina's hand, and rolled upon the ground.

“ Father Abuhissar, I have paid my brothers for their share of my father’s land, and now I am quite alone.”

“ I wish you joy, Hassan. Much may be made of it.”

“ But I meant to say, I am now so alone in my house, that I feel quite uncomfortably.”

“ Good Hassan,” said the old man, smiling, “ there is an easy remedy. You have only to saddle the best horse of your stable, and scour the country round, till you have heard of a lovely young girl who will make a lovely young wife ; and when you have found such a one, then lead your horse courteously into the stable of her father, make your enquiries of him about wheat and barley, or about cows and sheep.” —

“ And what then ?” said Hassan hastily.

“And then you will see whether the treasure be worth carrying away ; and if it be, you will first make enquiries of the maiden, that the father may not dispose of the daughter against her will ; and when you have agreed with her, you will speak to the parent.”

Now, at this very instant, Amina heard a knocking at the door, and rushed out with precipitation, to see who was there, though it happened that the noise was so gentle, and Abuhissar and Hassan were so much occupied in their conversation, that they heard nothing.

“ And then ? ” asked Hassan again, and at the same time rose from his seat, as if he, too, would run to see who was at the door.

“ And then,” said Abuhissar, “ the parent makes enquiries concerning you and your property, and gives you his daughter, and his blessing with her.”

“ And his blessing with her ! ” exclaimed Hassan ; and the words were no sooner out of his lips, than he was, in the twinkling of an eye ; out of the door. Amina saw him, as he passed by her in the entry, and Abuhissar saw, through the window, that he ran into his own house. Amina came again into the room, and began to set right her wheel. Abuhissar coolly filled his pipe again, placed himself in his arm-chair, and laughed aloud at the impetuosity of Hassan.

“ We shall not see him for a month,” said he, at length, to Amina ; “ but we may observe, at the same time, with what spirit he conducts his affairs. Only mark my words, Amina, — his estate will be one day worth looking at.”

Amina worked so very hard, that she saw nothing and heard nothing, and



had still less time to answer what was said to her. Abuhissar continued smoking.

"It is certainly true," said he, after a long pause, "I have always been fond of him; and I thought, Amina, that you, too, did not dislike him. He is a quiet, steady, orderly man, and I cannot say that I ever heard a bad word proceed from him."

Amina had, during the whole time, been turning, screwing, and fixing her wheel; and now that she looked at her work, she thought she had never heard of so vile a spinning wheel. Abuhissar paused again.

"Heaven be his guide!" he continued; "he needs a brisk and notable manager, and I should be sorry were he to choose in a hurry."

"Father, there he is again! and on horseback," exclaimed Amina, and

flung her arms round Abuhissar's neck, that she might hide her face in his bosom.

"Why, what is the matter with you, girl? have you any thing to fear? besides, I hear nothing."

The girls of Persia, when they have said to a young man "come again to-morrow," have, the following day, an inexpressibly fine hearing. Amina was in the right. Hassan came actually on horseback. He had laid the very best accoutrements which his father had left him, upon the finest steed of his stable.

He stepped boldly to Abuhissar's front door, alighted, put his horse into a stable, and entered the room, booted and spurred. Amina continued hanging at her father's bosom, and would not look on him.


"Father Abuhissar," said Hassan,

“ I am come to seek for a lovely young girl, who will make a lovely young wife ; I have led my horse into your stable ; I am come to ask after wheat and barley, cows and sheep ; I shall accept your invitation to dinner, and I wish now to speak a few words with Amina alone.”

Abuhissar gazed with astonishment, and laid down his pipe. He freed himself from Amina, arose, and crossed his arms. He opened his lips to say something, and shut them slowly again, for he had nothing to say.

Amina stood with one hand on her father's arm, to keep her from sinking, and covered both her eyes with the other ; probably for fear she should see Hassan.

Hassan, on his part, took courage, stepped forward, and clasped Amina in his arms.



“ And your blessing with her, father Abuhissar ! ”

Abuhissar looked, alternately, first on his daughter, and then on Hassan.

“ And will you go with him, Amina ? ”

“ As you please, dear father. ”

“ No, no, the question is, whether you go willingly. ”

“ You are not displeased with me, are you ? ”

“ Therefore, with all your heart ; is it not so ? ”

“ What I do at all, I do with all my heart. ”

“ And with her my blessing, ” said Abuhissar, placing the right hand of Amina in the right hand of Hassan ; “ and with her my blessing. ”

Hassan and Amina fell on each other's neck, and wept, and said not a word. Abuhissar looked on for a few

moments, shook his head, and turned away, to wipe a tear from his eye.

“ But, Amina,” said Abuhissar, “ this lad has begged a dinner from me, and, if you do not attend to the kitchen, I shall not keep my promise.”

“ That is true,” said Hassan, “ but a word on another subject, father Abuhissar. My slaves are all become my free workmen, and on that account they have a dance to-day. They have invited me to it, and they expressly sent me out to seek a partner. I will take back my horse, inform them I have procured a partner, and I will then return, and be your guest to dinner.”

Having said this, Hassan instantly vanished, and Abuhissar and Amina stood with their eyes fixed on each other for a few seconds ; and then, as they could not embrace the hare-brained

fellow who had ran from them, they embraced each other in his stead. Amina then ran with a light heart into the kitchen, and Abuhissar slowly repaired to the court-yard to cleave wood. In the kitchen, Amina had the misfortune to break, not a few pieces of crockery-ware; and in the yard, the servants of Abuhissar shook their heads as they beheld their master.

Hassan kept his word. He came at the appointed time; and, if the omnipotent Shah of Persia had ever been as cheerful over his table of an hundred covers, as Abuhissar, Hassan, and Amina were at their frugal board, he might at the end of his days have said, 'It is true, I have never been omnipotent, but I have once in my life had a good dinner.'

They had scarcely risen from table, and Hassan was just relating that his

servants were about to come with music to fetch himself, Abuhissar, and his daughter to their dance, when one of them entered the room, panting for breath.

"What is the matter?" said Hassan.

"Sir, an accident has happened."

"Where? be quick."

"In the middle of the yard;—an axle-tree is broken—snapt in two."

"What axle-tree? speak."

"One belonging to a grand princess."

"Have you all lost your senses?"

"Sir, our heads are a little out of order to-day, that is true; but the princess is there notwithstanding.—She had lost her way in the wood, and drove over the road into your fields;—she is in a splendid carriage, drawn by eight greys;—she asked leave to ride through the yard, and, just as the car-

riage was in the middle, down it broke."

"Has any one received any injury, then?"

"Nobody but the axle-tree; but that cannot be mended these twenty-four hours; and she has a great body of people with her, and three young ladies with her, and twelve knights on horseback; and all the knights have bugle-horns at their backs, or something like them."

"But who is she, after all?"

"We know nothing, but that she is vastly condescending, and squeezes every body by the hand; and then, sir, she is so handsome—three times handsomer than the three fine young ladies; and, though she has a black silk veil over her face, we have made a circle round her, and would all rather kneel than stand!"



“ But you gave her all the help you could ? ”

“ Aye, sir, we all ran up directly, and she asked us a number of questions ; your name, and who you are, and where you were ; and she knows that you are with the young lady, and that you have given us our liberty, and that we are to fetch you in a body to dance with us ; — and she was so pleased to hear this, — and cast her eyes so up to heaven — if we had had no belief in heaven before, we should have believed in the one behind the veil.”

“ And where does she spend the night ? ”

“ Why, sir, that is another part of the business. She means to stay with you, and dance with you, and the three young ladies also ; and then we offered to come and fetch you, but she would not permit us : she said no one

ought to call a lover from his mistress."

"Do you hear, Amina?" said Hassan; "the foreign princess seems really to have a great deal of understanding; I like her already, though I have not seen her."

"She has, I dare say, been a bride before now," said Amina; and then she hid her blushing face behind the shoulder of Hassan.

"I have one thing more to say, Hassan," said the messenger;—"she let me come, in order that I should tell you, she means to visit you here herself."

At this instant the door opened, and in a trice, every one of the party drew back a few steps with reverence, and then all at the same moment dropt on one knee; and yet the entire dress of the figure which entered, consisted in

nothing but a long white robe, a narrow rose-coloured girdle, and a black veil which covered her face, and a part of the flaxen, silken hair, which, in rich curls, flowed down her neck and shoulders.

The messenger took flight, but he well knew what he had said. ‘ They believed in the heaven behind the veil ;’ for now the stranger threw back her veil, and Abuhissar, Hassan, and Amina fancied they beheld heaven itself.

“ Arise, my children, arise,” said the princess ; and she said this with so sweet a voice, that no one could possibly continue prostrate before her.

“ You see a poor traveller, whose carriage is broken down,” said she, “ and who must beg a lodging of some kind friend.”

“ Your highness will do as you

please with my house," said Hassan ;  
" and if your attendants have not room  
enough —— "

" I have settled every thing, good  
Hassan," said she ; " you will give  
yourself no further trouble. — But, my  
children, I have now a favour to ask  
of you all three : I have an unspeak-  
able pleasure in being with those who  
are themselves heartily pleased. "

" Oh, my gracious princess," said  
Amina hastily, " ask whatever you  
please ! "

" And you give me your hand upon  
it, my dear girl ? " said the princess.

" With all my heart," said Amina,  
and gave her hand.

" And you, too, my good Hassan ? "

" What Amina consents to, I always  
consent to also. "

" And you, father Abuhissar ? "

" With all my heart. "

The princess stepped to the window, and made a sign with a white handkerchief: two knights were heard to ride off instantly.

“ They are gone for the *cadi* and the *imam*,” she resumed; “ and now, as the bride’s mother, I have to make the bridal bed.”

The stranger, whom no one could withstand, then took Amina by the hand with a benignant smile, who went patiently with her, without manifesting the least shew of resistance. Now, this was quite contrary to the custom of Persian maidens, who all, from their sixteenth year, are constantly reminding their mothers in secret of the bridal bed; but, as soon as it is actually to be made, in the presence of the whole world, they then immediately begin to weep, and continue to shed tears till they are almost blind.

Abuhissar felt he knew not how, and began again to shake his head without intermission; and Hassan stood motionless, with his eyes fixed on the door through which they had disappeared.

“The more we become acquainted with the foreign princess,” said he, “the more we perceive that she is wiser than all of us.”

Amina was accustomed to have every thing in order; and the princess displayed an astonishing promptitude in making bridal beds. Whatever she touched, was at once in its proper place; and, before Amen could be said three times, they both entered the room again. Hassan fixed his eyes upon them with surprise.

“Oh, my princess!” said he, in a plaintive tone.

“Why so?”

“ You are come back much too soon,” said he.

“ My good Hassan, I make my bridal beds like Love. ”

“ And how does Love make them ? ”

“ In the twinkling of an eye. ”

Amina had stepped to the window, and probably was not listening to them. Hassan clasped her with his arms, and stooped with his cheek to her's. She turned her lips to his.

Hassan gave a spring for joy. “ I shall never forget your highness for this,” said he. “ Oh that my brothers were present here to-day ! ”

“ And where are they, then ? ” said the princess.

“ I may venture to tell you,” he replied ; “ they are gone in search of the fairy Amatonda. ”

“ And for what purpose, may I ask ? ”

“To be embraced by her, and become great men.”

“And where do they seek the fairy?”

“In the great world.”

“In the great world?”

“Aye; in great towns, and among great people.”

“Is the fairy, then, known to you all?”

“Yes, your highness, we know her very well. She is the most beautiful of all the fairies in Persia; she must, therefore, at least be as handsome as to-day the bride-mother and the bride. And he who has seen her, and been embraced by her, lives for ever afterwards in the Paradise of the Prophet; but she embraces no one who has not a good conscience, and a contented heart.”



“ And would not your brothers take you with them ? ”

“ I would not go with them. ”

“ And why not ? ”

“ I feel all due respect for my lady, the fairy Amatonda ; but if she do not come to me, I shall never go in search of her. ”

“ You seem to me a saint of a very strange description. ”

“ Any thing in the world, your highness, but no saint. I have seen some five or six of them at my father's, but they did nothing but quarrel and intrigue. Whenever I see any one hang down his head, and be gloomy, who is neither sick nor unhappy, I fly from him, and watch his dagger. ”

“ But what if the fairy Amatonda should have a vast quantity of gold and jewels ? ”

“ I should be ashamed of myself were she to offer me any.”

“ Are brilliant jewels, then, of no value?”

“ Aye, truly; but have not I, my princess, jewels enow in my clods of earth?—I shall not have spent them all, these ten years; and besides, before the end of the fifth year, they will sparkle in autumn, with more colours than all the fairy Amatonda’s jewels can shew.”

“ But, then, she has gold!”

“ Aye; but by the great prophet, princess, I am myself a maker of gold by profession!”

“ In a certain sense, that is true; but, good Hassan, your mode is a laborious one.”

“ The labour is the best part of it, your highness! Have the goodness, princess, to take the sprig of an apple-

tree, plant it, water it, and nurse it for ten long years, and then, for the first time, pluck a wretched, solitary apple from your tree ; and, at the same moment, let your neighbour come and present you with a beautiful pine-apple ; and then do honour to the truth, and tell me which gives you the most heartfelt pleasure, the pine-apple of your neighbour, or the miserable, shrivelled apple, from the petty tree you yourself planted. ”

“ You are a dangerous advocate, my good Hassan. — But in case, now, the fairy Amatonda could raise her friends to high honours ? ”

“ Why, then, God be praised, she would come too late. ”

“ Too late ! ”

“ An’t please your highness, of the three highest honours in the world, I have one already ; the second I shall

possess this very day; and the third—let me whisper in your ear—the third we shall know how to provide for.”

“We women are somewhat curious, good Hassan.”

“I will explain that in a minute to you. In the first place, I am a farmer, and every day in the year the Shah of Persia (whom God preserve) and all his viziers, sit at the table I furnish, whether they will or not; and they are heartily welcome to it, and I pride myself upon it. So I have already the first highest honour.”

“And the second?”

“Why, is it not, my princess, a high honour, when a beautiful woman allows a man every day in the year to call her his wife? For, if you deny me this, we are friends no longer; and were the fairy Amatonda here, I would say the very same thing to her face.”

“ Let Amina reward you for this, my good Hassan: and now for the third highest honour?”

“ Nay, nay, your highness, I have promised to be upon my good behaviour; and though it is the most innocent thing in the world, yet ——”

“ I will answer for you, Hassan. Say what it is.”

“ My gracious princess, whenever I chance to fall among a dozen little boys and girls, we are, in an instant, one heart and one soul—and what one of us does not know, the other does; and so we are never able to separate.—Indeed, indeed, I dare say no more, for I stand under discipline.”

“ This, Hassan, I must reward you for myself;” and saying this, the princess on a sudden clasped Hassan in her arms, and kissed him three times on the lips.

"Now, Amina, has he deserved nothing?"

Amina flew into the arms of Hassan, and kissed him as the princess had kissed him.

"You need not wait now for Amatonda's embrace, my dear Hassan; she has embraced you; and your dwelling may now be the resort of pilgrims, for it is the abode of the blessed."

"See, now, my gracious princess, you will confess yourself that I want no lady-fairies. Madam Amatonda, who lives in the clouds, need not trouble herself to come down on my account; but after my Amatonda of the spinning-wheel, I shall still travel many a pleasant step. — And one word more, my princess, wait only ten years, and then you shall see wonders."

"I may, therefore, ask for a night's

lodging, whenever I pass through Beitulsalam again?"

"Do, Amina, speak a good word for us to our noble bride-mother, that she do not again ask us questions which make the flesh creep on one's bones."

A noise was now heard. The cadi and the imam entered the apartment. They were venerable old men, with long silvery beards. They bowed down to the earth when they beheld the majestic figure of the princess, and remained at a respectful distance.

"Are you already instructed in your office, ye venerable ministers of the law?" asked the princess.

"Whoever you may be, princess," answered the cadi, "we are instructed, and we wait your command."

"Hasten, then, to discharge your functions, and be this day our guests."

— Abuhissar as bride-father, and myself as bride-mother, hereby give this maiden to this youth, as his lawful wife.”

Hassan and Amina gave their assenting yes with alacrity, to the interrogatories of the cadi; Abuhissar and the princess laid their two hands together; the cadi wrote a few lines; the imam pronounced his blessing; and the happy Hassan became the husband of the happy Amina.

“ I have gold and jewels in abundance,” said the princess, as she embraced them both; “ but I am too poor to make you a wedding present.”

At this moment, the messenger entered again, who had before announced the arrival of the princess.

“ Oh, sir, more strange things have happened ! ” and he could scarcely speak for weeping.



“ Be quick ; what is it ? ” said Hassan, alarmed.

“ I do not know whether I may say, in this company. ”

“ My good man, ” said the princess, “ you may go on with your story. ”

“ Why, sir, it has not stopped at the twelve. ”

“ At what twelve ? ”

“ The twelve knights on horseback, with the bugle-horns. ”

“ What then ? ”

“ There are four-and-twenty more of them now ; and our own musicians have thrown their pipes and their flutes aside, and are bent on dancing, themselves ; and every body in the whole house has been crying for joy this half hour. ”

“ And why so ? do make an end of your story. ”

“ Dear sir, whenever any two of

them come blowing their bugles, they bring a whole village from the neighbourhood with them. Man, woman, and child, master and servant, all come together; and the old ones come hobbling on their crutches, and the mothers bring their children at the breast; and they are all waiting yonder in the great meadow.—And there are come, also, a number of waggons full of wine and sweetmeats,—and the three fine young ladies are distributing them to all the people, that they may be able to hold out in the dancing;—and such a feast was never seen.—And every house in Beitulsalam is empty, save your house and this house;—and whoever hears the music must go and join them; and I must go and join them again, too!”

He then ran off, and an ancient servant of the princess, probably her

house-steward, entered, and announced that every thing was ready.

“ My good Hassan,” said the princess, “ I am fond of music, and all my people are musical ; and, as I can do nothing else for you, I have at least provided you music for to-day ; and if your marriage-feast is not splendid, I hope it will, at all events, be merry : and you, Omar, may now give the signal.”

The old man went out, and an instant afterwards the music was heard. It approached from Hassan’s house, and a long, long train followed it. Hassan’s people were the first who came, and all Beitulsalam had come with them. The bride-mother, Hassan, and Amina joined the procession, and walked foremost. Abuhissar, the cadi, and the imam were on the second row. Every eye beamed with joy ; but they walked

slowly, and without uttering a word. Such heavenly music had never been heard. They all trod on the ground as if they were fearful of losing a note of it.

The train arrived at the entrance of the great meadow : it was a spacious and smooth plain. The foreign visitors of all ages had formed a wide circle, and stood on tip-toe, eager to behold those who were advancing ; and, when these were arrived, they opened the circle with reverence, and received the train among them. The twelve knights, who led on the procession, joined in the centre the four-and-twenty, who had been entertaining the visitors on the meadow.

It was one of the sweetest evenings of spring : not a breeze stirred. The sun had but a quarter of his course to pursue.

“The dance of the fairy Amaton-

da,"—exclaimed the princess, addressing herself to the musicians, and at the same time she took Hassan's hand.

At once the music sprang up, and notes were heard, the like of which had never pierced mortal ear throughout all Persia, nor had ever entered the heart of man; and the princess and Hassan danced together the dance of the fairy Amatonda.

Now, this dance of the fairy Amatonda, was nothing else than the artificial dance which is incessantly danced in this western country, as far as can be beheld from the observatory at Seeberg.—It was the dance which couples eternal simplicity with never-ending variety;—the dance which the moon keeps up with the earth, the earth with the planets, and the planets with the sun—which pairs intimacy

and innocence, and delight and joy with sadness. It is the dance of joy and love; for it is the dance of nature!

The Persian maidens dance it to this day with the Persian youths. Four arms constitute a world: every world forms a circle. Every world turns round itself, and every world turns round the chorus, which, from its centre, gives the law to its movement.

The Persian maidens call this *the dance of Amatonda*; and they dance it in such a wise, that it has never yet blown away the roses from their cheeks, or breathed a creeping poison into their bosom. It is sometimes imitated out of Persia, and this imitation is called (DAS LAENDERN) *Laendering*.\* But it is often danced too

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\* Laendering is a slow and graceful mode of dancing the *Walz*. It is no unusual thing to

quickly, and is never mixed with singing.

The princess had scarcely turned a dozen times round with Hassan, when no individual could any longer resist

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begin the dance by laendering a few minutes ; after which, by gradually and imperceptibly quickening the music, the most rapid movements of the ordinary waltz are produced. This dance, as the English reader knows, from description at least, consists in the two-fold circular motion, which the author, with no forced similitude, has compared to the movements of the planetary system ; viz. each couple, having clasped each other, turn round incessantly, and, at the same time, make the circuit of the room. For no adequate reason, this dance stands in evil repute in these islands, though probably practised in every other country in Europe. The translator at least, has seen it performed with equal spirit, and he hopes with equal innocence, in the most northern provinces of Germany, and in the *warm climate* of Spain. T.

the music. The children of a year's age, who began but yesterday to stand alone, wound their way from the bosoms of their mothers, stretched out their little arms to other children, lifted up one foot after the other, and laendered. The mothers were glad that their children could find an occupation, and, each holding out her arms to a neighbour, laendered also. The children of eighty years of age cautiously drew close to the musicians, laid their crutches on a heap, and laendered. And Abuhissar, and the cadi, and the imam laendered; and the boys and the girls, the young men and the young women, all, all laendered; and there was no one who did not laender, save the six-and-thirty who played on the horns, and the sucklings who slept to the music. And those who were passing on the road heark-



ened, and then came near, and forgot their journey, and laendered. And the children of eighty years laendered in the innermost circle, round the music, and next them laendered the children of one year, and the children of ten years next to them; and all the other children laendered promiscuously in the outward circle; and all four circles laendered as gently, as if they feared to awaken the sucklings; and, besides the celestial notes which set every one in motion, nothing was heard but the gentle and uniform steps of the dancers, and the soft fluttering of their garments. And he who had a word to say to his partner, whispered it softly in her ear; and she who had an answer to give, gave the answer in like manner. But never before had so many sighs died away upon a meadow, never before had so many tears sparkled

in an evening sun; and yet they had never felt themselves so innocent and so happy.

The sun went down; and they looked at him, and laendered. The full-moon arose from behind a grove, and stared with her broad face upon the meadow; on which every one was laendering, as well as herself. The dancers from the meadow turned up their moist and beaming eyes to her, and joyfully laendered on. She arose higher; and every one laendered. She reached her highest point; and every one laendered, and laendered, and laendered! —————

Now, here it is impossible to think otherwise, than that the Persian historian, who first related this tale, must at this place have risen up, he and all his pupils together, to laender with his fair hearers; for, on this very

spot, the thread of the narrative is broken.

It is, to be sure, easy enough to conceive, how an honest man may throw every thing aside, in order to dance with a Persian maiden the dance of the fairy Amatonda ; but it is absolutely inconceivable, to him who knows the Persian maidens, and their zeal for self-improvement, how they could let the relator of this history go from the spot, without at least knowing whether the *cadi* and the *imam* went to bed all night !


Be this as it may, we can no where find the least intelligence, whether the *cadi* or *imam*, or in general, whether any one soul in *Beitulsalam*, slept on the night of *Hassan* and *Amina*'s marriage. For the relator of this tale here breaks off this part of his history, and never returns to it ; and, for this once,

therefore, the burning anxiety of the Persian maidens to instruct themselves, was outweighed by their love of dancing.

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**H**ASSAN's brothers, on leaving Beitulsalam, travelled together to the capital of the adjoining province of Persia, in order to equip themselves for their further journies ; and, as soon as their arrangements were all made, they embraced each other and separated, each with his several attendants : the one to the south, the other to the east, and the third to the west.

The poet Selim clapped spurs to his steed, and posted towards the empire of the great Mogul. Murad suffered his horse to cut all kinds of capers, as he pranced through the suburbs which led to the kingdom of Cashmire ; and, while he went along, greeted, with courtesy, all the people of distinction, whom the achievements of his steed



had drawn to their windows. Solmar, absorbed in deep contemplation, rode gently through the gate which led to the country of the Osmans. Their hearts were all swelling with hope; and each said to himself, that, when arrived at the place of his destination, he would assume a different character.

Solmar had already made eight days' journey, having with him six horses, a servant, and two grooms, when he arrived at a village which lay in ashes, and was deserted by its inhabitants. He proceeded further, and came to a second village, also in ashes, and abandoned. He came to a third; it was, in like manner, a heap of smoking ruins; and he saw a venerable old man, sitting upon a stone by the side of his horse, apparently sunk in meditation upon the gloomy scene around him.

"Who burnt these villages?" said Solmar to the old man.

"The Monguls, my son."

"You mean the Osmans."

"I mean the Monguls."

"Is Persia, then, at war with the Monguls?"

"The Monguls are the Shah's allies against the Osmans."

"Do the Shah's allies burn his villages?"

"And why not? Are not allies to have any pleasures in reward of their services?"

"And do the Persians suffer this?"

"They must; the Monguls would otherwise be offended with them."

"And the omnipotent Shah endures it?"

"He must."

"How so! Why, *I*, such a one as I am, would not submit to this;

and shall the omnipotent Shah of Persia be forced to it?"

"He must; the Khan of the Monguls would otherwise resent it."

"Resent it! and how? by burning his villages?"

"But if he were, besides that, to be his enemy?"

"*Besides that!* that is, be his enemy *besides* burning his villages! Oh that I was Shah for only one year!"

"And what would you then do?"

"Bid defiance to his resentment!"

"The Monguls have ravaged all China and the Indies."

"I would bid defiance to his resentment!"

"Every one trembles at the name of the Monguls."

"I would bid defiance to his resentment!"

"And who are you, my son?"



“ Solmar, the son of Bator.”

“ The great merchant of Basra ? ”

“ And afterwards a husbandman at Beitulsalam.”

“ And whither are you going ? ”

“ To the frontiers, against the Os-  
mans.”

“ My son, on this road you will find no provisions ; spend this night with me, at the distance of half a day’s journey : I desire to speak further with you.”

“ And what is your name, my good old man ? ”

“ My name is Cosru ; and the vizier, to whose army you are repairing, is the seventh since my fall.”

“ Holy Prophet ! and you were grand vizier ? ”

“ And have lived contentedly for these twelve years, since I was banished from Ispahan. I have a daughter

and a grand-daughter, who are still left to nurse me ; and a cottage and garden, which maintains me. I heard of the horrid deeds committed by the allied troops, and I repaired hither, that I might behold their devastations with my own eyes."

The old man mounted his horse, and they rode away. Towards the close of the day, they reached an ascent, from which they had an uninterrupted prospect into an extensive plain.

" Cosru," exclaimed Solmar, " I see, at the end of yonder plain, two female figures."

" Are they dressed in white?"

" In white ; and, as it seems, with dark flowing locks."

" That is my daughter Sahire, with her Lilly, a girl of thirteen years of age ; they are come to meet me."

" What is that ? At the end of the

wood. I behold four horsemen; they are not Persians."

"Great God! they are Monguls."

Solmar's steed flew across the plain; but the distance was too remote. — Sahire was still struggling; Lilly's garment was already half torn, and they had sunken in despair upon the ground, when Solmar reached the monsters.

"Hold!" he exclaimed; and the head of the foremost rolled upon the turf.

"Turn hither, wretches!" he cried out again; and the first blow cleaved one head in twain; with the second, he carried off a head and one shoulder; and with the third, he smote the fourth Mongul in halves.

Sahire and Lilly had scarcely sufficient strength remaining, to throw themselves at the feet of their deliverer, clasp his hands, and bathe them with

their silent tears. Solmar raised them up, with tokens of reverence, and delivered them into the hands of Cosrū, who was hastening to the spot.

“ See, father Cosru, yonder lie the invincibles. — He who has not hitherto trembled before them, needs never do it ! ”

They hastened to search the bodies of the slain. Three heavily-laden pack-horses stood near. Their burthens consisted of nothing less precious than gold. Each of the robbers had a treasure of jewels in his belt ; and the belt of the chief of them contained papers worth more than all the gold and jewels. The villain was a confidant of the Mongul general, who had sent him with secret dispatches to the Khan. Solmar read one of the papers aloud. —

“ Most high and mighty sovereign of the globe ! Monarch of monarchs,

**and sovereign of sovereigns ! under thy footsteps the nations rejoice, for thou art the sun of wisdom, and the deliverer of the earth !**

**“ The most worthless of thy slaves executes thy sacred commands ; and three provinces of thy ally lie already in ashes. Thy army riots in pleasure. We have glorious fire-works every night ; and the women and daughters of the land are beauteous, when they wander naked and houseless. Thy army delights in comforting them !**

**“ Thy slave hopes to produce a general insurrection against the Shah. The Shah will fly for refuge to thy slave. Thy army will re-establish order, and thy slave will lay all Persia at thy feet.**

**“ Thy army spares the Osmans, as thou hast commanded them. They lay waste whatever they touch ; and they**

are, though ignorantly, the ministers of thy holy will. From Persia, the wings of thy grace may, in due time, be spread over them also; and all the countries of Asia will resound with thy eternal name; and all the seas will announce thy glory; and thy slave will cut out every tongue which does not exclaim Amen!"

They all stood mute with horror at the detested writing.

"No; by Allah!" exclaimed Solmar, and thrice waved his sword over his head; "No Amen shall ever be uttered to the impious sound."

Cosru took from each the oath of secrecy. They collected the booty; and, having mounted their horses, hastened to Cosru's dwelling.

Cosru and Solmar shut themselves up in the inner apartment. They spent the night in examining the remaining

papers. Ten of the most powerful families of Ispahan stood in open league with the Monguls. Some of the first officers of the empire, the three chief eunuchs, and even the grand vizier himself, had at least accepted presents from them.

“ We harness the two mules of Ispahan,” was written in one place, opposite to an account of jewels, which had been paid away ; and beneath was added, “ These are to be unharnessed hereafter. It is disgusting to pay court to such despicable creatures. But the good cause requires a sacrifice now and then. The camel of Ispahan is somewhat costly to maintain ; but in six months he is ours, with saddle and accoutrements, and we shall have the stable into the bargain.”

Now the two mules of Ispahan were, as it appeared from the same papers,

the sultana-mother, and the favourite sultana Biribi. The general of the Monguls had presented them with ear-rings and bracelets. The camel of Ispahan was the Shah himself, who had been bribed by a casket of diamonds. The Shah, it was also intimated, stood under the government of those two women. He ate, drank, and slept; and had no other passion than that of playing, from morning to evening, with precious stones.

“ Let us hasten to Ispahan, my son ;” cried Cosru. “ We have two offended women on our side, and are therefore omnipotent. Long live the Shah ! Persia is saved.”

At the close of the fourth evening, Solmar, accompanied by an Armenian, had reached the guard of the castle at Ispahan. They exhibited some superb diamonds for sale ; and, by distributing



pieces of gold with both hands, were immediately admitted into the presence of the Shah.

The Shah soon perceived, among the treasures of the merchants, a jewel, the like of which he had never seen. The joy he felt was indescribable; and he instantly sent for the sultana-mother, and the sultana Biribi. Solmar engaged the attention of the Shah. The Armenian gradually drew the two princesses to a corner of the apartment.

"I have a piece here," whispered the Armenian to the sultanas, "which is worth precisely as much as the Persian empire. Do you know this writing?"

"That is the hand-writing of the Mongul general," said the sultana-mother.

"And a charming man he is," added the sultana Biribi; "we are well ac-

quainted with his hand-writing, and know it from a distance."

The Armenian presented the general's account-book, in which the charming man had written the above lines. The two princesses perused them with eagerness at the same moment; and the shock they received from the contents was so great, that they both swooned, and sank to the ground. The Armenian bore the sultana-mother to one sofa, and Solmar, the sultana Biribi to another. They had anticipated the effect of the letters upon the weak nerves of the ladies, and had brought strong odours with them.

"It is of no importance," said the sultan, with great composure. "It will soon be over, and goes away of itself; but so precious a jewel as this, I never saw. Biribi, let the room be darkened, and let twelve wax tapers

be brought in. I must compare it with others. By the holy beard of the Prophet, I never saw the like!"

"Sire!" said the Armenian, and gave the Shah the letters of the Mongul general to his Khan, "the like of this, too, thou hast never seen."

"O yes, old man; that is written by my good friend, the general of the Monguls. I have a whole packet of them."

"But, sire, not to the same purport; deign to peruse it."

The Shah read the paper. His terror was no less than that of the sultanas, and he also fainted away.

The fair Biribi was the first who recovered. She clasped the beautiful Solmar in her arms, and pressed him to her bosom.

"Guardian-angel of Persia, what is to be done?"

“ Beautiful Biribi ; let us first shut the door. I have more such jewels ! ”

The door was shut ; but the fair Biribi was in so great alarm, that she did not once let the beautiful Solmar from her arms. The Armenian at length brought the Shah to himself ; and, after a great deal of trouble, the sultana-mother also. The Shah, when he was recovered, could not utter a word ; the sultana-mother spake of nothing but the camel of Ispahan and the two mules ; and the fair Biribi spake of nothing but the two guardian-angels of Persia, one of whom she held in her arms.

The Armenian now related how they had come into the possession of these papers ; and Solmar was pressed so closely, that he could scarcely breathe. The Armenian read the other papers ;

and Solmar was implored, by burning lips which were fixed on his cheek, to rescue, protect, and save them.

“ Oh, my children,” said the Shah at length, and began to weep aloud, “ I am then, indeed, betrayed. Do none of you know what is to be done? ”

“ Sire,” said the Armenian, “ thou hast still an aged, faithful servant left, whom, twelve years ago, thou sentest into banishment from Ispahan. He has been happy in his solitude; but give him, for only eighteen months, full power to act in thy name; promise him that, at the end of that period, if Persia is in safety, thou wilt allow him to return to his solitude — and he is ready to save thee and Persia.”

“ Yes, old man,” said the Shah, “ here is my hand and my word. He shall come, and be grand-vizier with unlimited power; and, after eighteen

months, he may retire whithersoever he pleases."

The sultana-mother now fell on the Armenian's neck, and protested he should not leave her till the new grand-vizier was come into the apartment. The sultana Biribi threatened the same to the handsome Solmar. The Armenian took off a patch which disguised his face. The sultana-mother started with surprise.

"Thy slave Cosru is thy grand-vizier," said the Armenian; and he threw himself at the feet of the Shah, and kissed the hem of his garment.

"And has forgotten all that befel him twelve years ago," he added, and he squeezed the hand of the sultana-mother, who was well pleased at this sign of reconciliation.

"The moments are precious," he

added ; “ I shall leave you, and lock the door.”

“ We shall not depart from the spot,” said the fair Biribi ; and she sat close to Solmar.

Cosru took the emperor’s seal, and shut the door. In a short time, a running to and fro, and the trampling of horses, and the noise of carriages was heard, in the court of the palace. It became night. The Shah of Persia sat without light, and the guardian-angel of Persia sat without breath ! The fair Biribi was so terribly afraid of being in the dark, that she continued to weep ; and one hot tear after another fell on the cheek of Solmar. The sultana-mother sat at the open window, and looked out, though it was utter darkness. Only she now and then muttered something about mules, and harnessing, and unharnessing ; and she did not move

when the Shah began to *sleep aloud*. \* The terror of the fair Biribi encreased so greatly, that she now, with one of her arms, clasped the neck of the guardian-angel, to make sure of him at least! He continued, in fact, awake. But the terror of the fair Biribi was contagious. The Shah, it is true, slept as loud as any sultan ever did; but it was, notwithstanding, an easy thing to hear the beating of the heart, both of the sultana and the guardian-angel; and even if this could not have been heard, their fearful situation might still have been ascertained, by the sighs

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\* *Ueberlaut zu schlafen*. The English reader will, perhaps, readily excuse this Germanism, which is surely more elegant, as well as ingenious, than *snore*. Translators might, if they dared, enrich their native idiom, by such adoptions from all languages. T.



that came from them: and though people, who are afraid of ghosts, on other occasions, sing to keep up their spirits, these, in their anxious fears, spake not a word.

It was a happy circumstance that the grand-vizier, at length, unlocked the door. He was followed by wax tapers and writing materials.

"Sire," said Cosru, as he entered, "the palace is in trusty hands; and within half an hour, the city, too, will be in safety. You may sleep this night in security."

The Shah sat, with his head fallen backwards, and answered not a word.

"The Shah has confidence in you, grand-vizier," said the fair Biribi, "and foresaw that he might sleep securely."

"The Shah does me great honour, your highness."

Cosru then caused the Shah to be

carried quietly to bed, and begged the two sultanas to retire to rest. After they had departed, a great deal was dictated and written. Solmar, too, was forced to write with the others, but he made a number of mistakes; and, had any one examined his writing closely, he might have, more than once, detected the name of Biribi half blotted from his paper. At the break of day, the new commander of the body-guard entered, and announced that all the decreed arrests had been carried into effect; and that the strong posts in the city were beset. Cosru signed his mandates. They were sealed; and, having dispatched his messengers, he dismissed his secretaries, that they might retire to rest.

Cosru threw himself on a sofa, and slept quietly. Solmar laid himself at full length upon another sofa, and did

not sleep at all. It was the very same sofa on which the fair Biribi and himself had been so terribly frightened. But it was not the sofa's fault ; for the fair Biribi lay in a bed, and yet did not sleep. In six hours time, Solmar was, with Cosru, on the way to the army, which was encamped against the Os-  
mans.

Cosru took the grand-vizier, and some other of the generals, into custody, and placed himself at the head of the army. He came at a critical moment. He found the collected army highly incensed ; and their zeal, once roused, could easily be turned against the enemy. Cosru's predecessor had sent one of his principal commanders to the general of the Monguls, in order to remonstrate with him on the outrages committed against the Persians, and the burning of their villages.

The Mongul threatened the Persian general with chastisement, unless he left his camp instantly ; and the next day he published a proclamation, by beat of drum, that any Persian who injured but a hair of the head of the lowest retainer of the Mongul army, should be treated as an enemy to the good cause.

A private Mongul soldier had seized a young Persian woman in her apartment. He stifled her cries ; and her child, who was near, screamed out for help. The soldier rushed towards the child, — and it lay dead at his feet. The woman escaped, and fled for succour to the soldier's officer. He ordered her to be driven out of the camp with derision ; and her dead child was thrown upon the field, to be the prey of the fowls of the air. Her husband came home, procured a certificate of

the fact from the Persian governor, and hastened with it to the Mongul general, who delivered the following judgment. —

“ The Khan is the vicegerent of God ; the general, and the kings, and the sovereigns of the world, are the vicegerents of the Khan ; and the officers are the vicegerents of the general ! The Persian, who, on account of an insignificant occurrence, has complained of an officer to his general, is to receive one hundred lashes ; and the Persian governor, who granted him the certificate, is to make an apology to the officer, or be sent in chains to the general ! ”

The man, consequently, received his hundred lashes ; and the governor made his apology.

This event was known over-night to the whole Persian army ; and the fol-

lowing morning, the whole army had but one soul. Cosru called a council of war. Solmar stood behind Cosru, and held sealed papers in his hand. The council did not last long.

“ Long live the Shah of Persia ! ” began Cosru.

“ And confusion to the Monguls ! ” answered the eldest of the officers.

“ Confusion to the Monguls ! ” repeated all the other officers, and their eyes flashed with rage.

“ The Khan enters on his seventieth year the day after to-morrow. The general has made a requisition of brandy, and gives a feast to his men. We are four days’ march from head-quarters ; but to-morrow night we shall be of the party. ”

Cosru retired. Solmar delivered his sealed instructions, with expressions of

regard, to every one of the officers ; and the council was dissolved.

Before an hour had elapsed, nothing but the sharpening of swords was heard. All who were permitted to go to the feast, moistened them with tears of joy ; and all who could not go, moistened them with tears of sorrow. In four hours' time, twenty-five thousand visitors were furnished with horses, and whatever they wanted for the two succeeding days ; and in five hours' time, they were on their march upon more than ten of the high roads of the country. Cosru commanded the centre. Solmar commanded a thousand volunteers in the van.

The guides were excellent, and the party unanimous. The guests arrived at their place of destination in due time ; but they could not have been

more unexpected. The general of the Monguls was sitting in his loose robes, drunk, at the head of a plentiful table, and all the company were drunk also.

“ *Liberty and justice!* ” exclaimed Solmar to his volunteers. “ *The day of vengeance!* ” roared a thousand Persians ; and this was the watch-word of destruction. The heads of many of the guests who sat at the table, were scattered among the golden vessels which had been stolen. The general bellowed for rage, and seized a golden goblet to defend himself.

“ Monster ! ” exclaimed Solmar, and the monster lay in two halves at his feet. One half consisted of the gnashing head, the smoking neck, and the right arm, which still grasped the goblet.

After this evening, not a man was to be seen, who could say, ‘ I was a



bidden guest at the Mongul general's feast ;' for one half of the robbers, who were already asleep, continued to sleep on ; and the other half, which had not slept, began their sleep for ever !

The booty was immense ; but the Persians had, on the morning of the same day, sworn, of their own accord, that they would devote one half of it to the re-building of the smoking villages of their country, and securing its passes against the Monguls.

On the next day, the army divided itself to the right and left. Cosru appeared unexpectedly in the rear of the right wing of the Monguls, and Solmar in the rear of the left wing. The Persians every where came unlooked-for ; and, in a week, not a Mongul was to be seen on the territory of Persia. The few scattered bodies which fled towards the Osmans, were cut in

pieces by them ; and those who attempted to return home, were slaughtered by the Persians : for, the first orders which Cosru issued, when he left the apartment of the Shah with his privy seal, was to secure the mountain-passes through which the Monguls had to escape.

A thousand messengers announced, through all the provinces of the Persian empire, the day of vengeance which had been kept ; and all the provinces resounded with the names of Cosru and Solmar. In every town and village, the people were seen dancing for joy. Enemies were reconciled, and strangers fell on each other's necks.

The command of the grand-vizier, that an hundred thousand men should instantly enter the mountains, and fortify the passes, was carried into effect, with songs, and shouts of triumph.

The women held up their babes to their husbands, and looked towards the Mongul mountains. The men seized their arms and their tools, and hastened away. The maidens, laying their hands on their bosoms, pointed with their fingers to the mountains, and the young men departed from them without taking leave.

“ *Freedom and justice!* ” was the morning shout of the workmen who were fortifying the passes. “ *The day of vengeance!* ” was the invariable answer.

The Khan of the Monguls, the sovereign of sovereigns, did not know that so much as a hair of the head of any of the meanest of his subjects had been touched, when a hundred and fifty thousand of his enemies, the Persians, had returned with triumph, from the completion of their works of

defence on the mountains. After a month, the Khan heard one half of the affair, and he, by degrees, guessed the other half. He cried for rage, and his courtiers cried with him. He drank brandy to inflame his fury ; and one evening was found dead, amid those who had, with him, been cursing the Persians and mankind.

The fortifications on the mountain-paths, which led into Persia, were completed. The Monguls, who were accustomed to repair on horseback to pillage and murder, stood in dread of narrow passes, which were open only to travellers on foot, and which were guarded by resolute defenders ; and Persia did not, after that time, see her rich plains laid waste by them.

The kings of Asia recovered from their blind superstition. They ceased considering the Monguls as omni-

tent; and they therefore ceased to be omnipotent. The writings which Solmar had seized were published throughout the empire by Cosru; and henceforth, whoever proposed to any of the Asiatic kings to make a treaty with the Monguls, was cast into irons; and whoever accepted a present from the Monguls, lost his head. And when the Khan of the Monguls issued a command to any of the kings, the answer he received was, "I will not!" and that was the end of the business. But had not Solmar said to Cosru, that they only were formidable who were feared, Persia would have been laid waste, and the kings of Asia would have trembled before a horde of Monguls.

Solmar received orders to cross Persia with the 10,000 men who had annihilated the left wing of the banditti;

accordingly, he entered the southern provinces, to attack the right wing of the Osmands. Solmar and his 10,000 men crossed the land with rapidity. They had but lately known him; yet he was beloved by them as a brother, and feared by them as a father. He spoke little, but he watched every thing. He provided first for them, and then for himself; but he tolerated no disorders in others, as he committed none himself. What he commanded was sometimes hard to execute; but he commanded nothing that was not carried into effect, and he took the hardest part of the enterprise upon himself. They all knew that *he* was the real saviour of Persia. They knew that it was he who had slain the four robbers, by whose papers the atrocious projects of the Khan against all Persia, were detected. They had themselves

seen him annihilate the Mongul general, and lay whole rows of the tigers at his feet. Had he led them against a fiery volcano, or even against the raging sea, they would have followed him with confidence, and said, "Since *he* undertakes it, it must be possible!"

Solmar did, in fact, arrive at his post, with his 10,000 men, two days earlier than the grand-vizier had expected and required. And he arrived at the critical moment.

It was not before the Monguls were already annihilated, that the Osmands received intelligence that a war had broken out between them and the Persians. The grand-vizier of the Osmands, Ismael, caused splendid fire-works to be exhibited in his camp, to testify his joy at the intelligence; and the day following, summoned all the generals to a council of war. They re-

solved to fall upon the enemy in the remotest corner of the south, while they thought he had still to contend against the most inveterate of foes in the north.

“ By the Prophet, I did not expect this ! ” said the grand-vizier with expressions of delight, as he squeezed the hand of every member of the council.

Ismael, therefore, proceeded at once towards the south, taking care to excite as little disturbance as possible. Cosru, however, was already at his side, and planted himself in a favourable position. He excited still less alarm than Ismael. The great difference between the two grand-viziers was, that the one only saw, and that the other was only seen. Cosru, in order to render his enterprise decisive, rested on his arms till he should be



re-inforced by 100,000 men, that is, 10,000 men and Solmar.

Solmar was on the point of announcing his arrival to Cosru, when a Jew was introduced to him.

“ Long live the Shah of Persia ! ” said the Jew. Three nights since, the Osman grand-vizier Ismael lodged in my house. Six Arabs of distinction came, and remained the whole night with him, and spoke with him alone. In the morning I was sent for, and was ordered to assist in weighing out gold to them. I heard them speak of 50,000 Arabs, and of the fifth day, and of the heights behind the camp of the right wing of the Osmans. On hearing this, I took two camels, and placed my wife and children on them ; and am now come, through cross-roads, to give intelligence of the alliance to a Persian general. Ismael

has fixed his camp, and is waiting for the Arabs. The fifth day, is the day after to-morrow."

Solmar reflected for a moment. He then fixed his eyes upon the Jew, and said :

" Do you know the roads of the province ? "

" General, I know all the roads and paths in the country. "

" How far is the right wing of the army encamped from the main army ? "

" General, at least the distance of a day's journey. "

" Your wife and children are my hostages, and you are my conductor. "

Solmar wrote to the grand-vizier, Cosru, " We are arrived earlier than you commanded ; and we reached this spot at a lucky hour. We shall engage the enemy to-morrow, for our safety

demands it. The bearer is acquainted with the particulars."

An officer was dispatched with this letter, and with verbal instructions; and Solmar was employed in making his arrangements with the Jew till beyond midnight.


As the following day was drawing towards a close, the guards of the right wing of the Osmands saw clouds of dust arising, in every direction, upon the hills behind their camp, and at length clearly distinguished cavalry proceeding down them. Shouts of joy at the intelligence were sent forth from every quarter of the camp; and, in every part, unarmed horsemen rode out to welcome their allies from the desert. But they were not the Arabs; and, even before the sun had entirely descended, Solmar was in possession

of the rich camp of the Osmans. One-third of the Osmans were slaughtered, one-third were taken prisoners, and one-third fled. The Jew was instantly dispatched on a dromedary to Cosru.

Solmar gave orders that nothing should be altered in the form of the camp ; and the Persians looked, with anxiety, for the clouds of dust which were expected to arise from the hills which led towards the desert. At length, the Persian watch gave the expected signal of the arrival of the enemy. The Arabians, on approaching the camp lately occupied by their friends the Osmans, uttered tremendous shouts of joy ; but Solmar, with his Persians, rushed upon them ; and the Arabians, being taken by surprise, fled with precipitation. Those of them who escaped towards the desert, gave to their fellows whom they met, such

a description of the swords of the Persians, and their leader, that the remainder of the mercenary allies of the Osmans thought it wiser to return back to the desert whence they came, than fulfil their engagements.

The day after the defeat of the Arabs was a day of rest in the camp of the Persians. Solmar caused his prisoners to pass in review before him. They already surpassed his army in numbers. Whole companies of the fugitive Osmans had returned in the morning, and surrendered themselves to the conqueror at discretion, that they might not perish for hunger in an unknown and desolated country, or be torn in pieces by wild beasts, or slaughtered by the enraged inhabitants. Solmar treated his prisoners with humanity. He did, indeed, put three to death with his own hand, who made a shew



of resistance; but he also, with his own hand, helped to bind up the arm of another, which had been broken in his flight.

The Jew had promised to return this day, and he kept his word.

“On the day after to-morrow, at sun-rise,” Cosru wrote, “I will shew the grand-vizier Ismael that I am near him, which he is ignorant of at present; and in the preceding night, shall strike an arm from his left wing. I confirm, by anticipation, whatever treaty you may make with their friends from the desert.”

“The friends from the desert are already disposed of,” said Solmar to the collected officers of his army; “but we ought now to be acquainted with the situation of the grand-vizier Ismael, and his army of Osmans.”

Solmar caused his troops to draw

lots. One-fourth of the men remained to guard the prisoners and the camp, and with the other three-fourths he set off at midnight. The Jew led on the army, and the train passed towards the north. During the heat of the day, they reposed in a shady valley; and, when they had crossed this valley, and ascended a woody hill, they who climbed upon the trees could distinctly behold the camp of the grand-vizier Ismael before them, and could even distinguish the larger tents of the enemy.

Solmar immediately observed the roads into the plain, formed his plan for the following morning, and distributed his commands for the attack at sun-rise. But Solmar had approached too near to the Osmans.

The horses in the camp of the Os-  
mans neighed : the horses of the Per-

sians answered, in every part of their small army. The Persian horses had repeated this several times, when shouts were heard in the camp of the Osmans. These shouts increased; and at length trumpets were heard. Solmar's watch descended from the trees, and reported that the Osmans were riding in all directions, and that the tents began to move.

Had Solmar been attacked at this moment, he must have been annihilated; and if the grand-vizier Ismael had been capable of reflection, he would have risked every thing to attack him.

"We must make the assault even *to-day*," said Solmar, "or the camp will escape us." In three hours' time, it was night; and there were 7,000 opposed to more than 60,000. But Solmar had never projected an impossibility.



The Persians rushed down from all the vallies, glens, roads, and paths of the woody hills, and unexpectedly appeared in long streamy lines in the plain below, and formed three bursting torrents over the trembling surface.

Solmar and his Persians had erred. The Osmans had no suspicion of an enemy in their rear. They were aware only of the approach of Cosru in their front. For two hours before, some fugitives from the right wing, half dead with terror and fatigue, had reached the camp of the Osmans, and given intelligence that their right wing was annihilated.

The thunder of the assailants on the plain, was answered by the affrighted cries of the attacked. Terror, which uplifted the arms of the Osmans towards heaven, at the same time fixed their feet to the earth from which they

endeavoured to flee. The central body of Persians rushed towards the loftiest tent. All who surrounded it were, in a few moments, prostrate on the earth. The aged vizier Ismael alone remained. Solmar's sword was uplifted. The unarmed old man presented his bare neck. "Hold!" exclaimed Solmar. "Hold!" repeated the officers which were around him; and this cry was echoed along the corps which Solmar conducted.

"Father Ismael, I entreat you, give me your signet," said the modest youth.

"Persians," said Solmar aloud, "the aged Ismael stands under the protection of your arms."

The Persian standards were planted around the rich tents of Ismael. Solmar sat beneath these tents, and Ismael sat beside him.

Solmar wrote to Cosru, "Ismael lives, and sends his signet to your highness. You are anxiously expected."

Solmar now heard some faint cries. They were the cries of female voices. He drew back a curtain, and three women of ravishing beauty, with dishevelled locks, and rent veils, threw themselves at his feet, and implored death from his hands.

"What is it that you mean, fair ladies?" said he, raising them with tokens of respect. "Ismael, your wives were never in greater security. They stand under the protection of Persian conquerors."

"By Allah!" said Ismael, as he wiped a tear from his eye, and grasped the youth with his hand, "this I should never have expected."

One hundred men, mounted on a

hundred untired horses, with the Jew at their head, had broke through the astonished advanced guards. They found Cosru already on the road.

Cosru arrived after midnight. The moon was then in the first quarter. When she was at the full, not an Osman was in Persia ; and when the second moon was at the full, the Persians possessed the territory of the Osmans as far as the Euphrates.

The Sultan of the Osmans sent messengers of peace, and Cosru appointed Solmar to negociate with them. Peace was concluded and signed. The Euphrates became the boundary of the Persian empire. All the prisoners and captives were restored ; and the Sultan of the Osmans paid a contribution of 2,000,000 pieces of gold, in order to re-build the desolated villages of Per-

sia, and raise fortresses on the Euphrates.

Cosru hastened back to Ispahan. Solmar remained, as Generallissimo, at the Euphrates. The Shah, the sultana-mother, and the fair Biribi received the grand-vizier with silent embraces.

“Cosru,” said the Shah at length, “Solmar merits a great reward. I shall entrust to his care my palace, my body-guard, and my capital. Where Solmar stands on the watch, there I can sleep in safety.”

“Yes, dear Cosru,” said the sultana-mother, “I beg your consent to this.”

The fair Biribi stood by, cast down her eyes, played with her fingers, and spake not a word.

Solmar wrote in answer to the grand-

vizier, and earnestly entreated that the Shah of Persia would be pleased to let him remain at the Euphrates.

“ At all events,” said the Shah, “ he must come and receive from my hands a standard of honour.”

“ An excellent thought, my son,” said the sultana-mother ; “ he must at least do that.”

“ And you, Biribi, what is your opinion ? ” asked the Shah ; “ you do not speak a word.”

“ My dear Shah,” said Biribi, “ suppose we were to let him rest for a time. The journey is so immensely long ; and he will not only have to travel hither, he must also travel back again.”

“ Biribi is in the right,” said the Shah ; “ the good man ought to have rest. I would not, for all the world, undergo the fatigue he has endured.”

But I have thought of something: Biribi works the finest embroidery of any one in Persia. She shall embroider the flag of the standard, and he can indulge in repose till Biribi has finished her work. Besides, we will all write a letter to him. I will dictate, Biribi shall write, and my good mother shall seal, and write the superscription. He will not fail to come; for I will put none of my omnipotence in the letter, and nothing but reason. Sit down, Biribi: I know how to manage such matters."

The fair Biribi sat down opposite to the Shah, and the Shah shut his eyes, and began to dictate.

"Dear Solmar. We cannot live without seeing you."

The fair Biribi now discovered that she had too little light opposite to the

Shah, and sat on one side of him, at a window. She wrote the words which the Shah had dictated.

“ We think of you day and night, and you must visit us.” Biribi wrote. “ We must thank you in person, and you shall hear from us when you are to come.” Biribi wrote. “ The Shah loves you ; his mother loves you ;” Biribi wrote — “ and the sultana Biribi loves you ! ”

Biribi did not write ; for she was, just at that instant, under the necessity of holding up her pen to the light, in order to see where the threads in the nib were hanging ; and when the pen was wiped clean, the ink would not run : and besides all this, the light dazzled her eyes so much, that she was forced to hold a handkerchief to her face.

“ Dear Shah,” said she, at last, “ do



you write something in the letter. He will be so glad to see your writing."

"This is errant folly," said the Shah. "If *I* love him, you may love him too, I warrant. I know very well, that of all my wives, you alone are innocent ; but every thing must have its limits.—Give me the pen: I will write."

The fair Biribi gave him the paper, and cast her eyes upon the ground.

"See, now, you have absolutely spoiled the paper ; and here are — one — two — three — four — five wet spots on it. I must either wait till they are dry, or leave a blank in the wet places. Yes, that is what I will do ; and when he comes, I will tell him the fact, and we will all laugh at you !"

The Shah took the pen, and dictated to himself aloud.

"And the sultana Biribi loves you

also ; but, though she is not ashamed of loving you, she is ashamed to write you so, herself."

The Shah paused, put his right elbow on his writing desk, and covered his eyes with the palm of his hand. He reflected awhile, read the whole letter through, and then laid down his pen.

" No," said he, " I will write no more to him ; and when a man has nothing further to say, he does best to leave off. Come, dear mother, have the goodness to seal the letter, and direct it simply, ' To Solmar ;' for, to men like him, we should give no title but their names. With others, it is quite the contrary."

The sultana-mother put on the seal, and wrote the address ; and a special messenger was dispatched with it to the Euphrates.

“ And now, good Biribi,” said the Shah, “ do you embroider me the flag; and be industrious, that we may see it soon. But which of us, now, can think of a fit inscription? Sleep upon it, both of you; and I will do so too.”

“ Son,” said the sultana-mother, the next morning, “ what shall be the inscription?”

“ That is what I would learn of you, mother.”

“ Shall it be long, or short?”

“ It must contain every thing that it ought to contain; and nothing that does not belong to it.”

“ Shall it be natural and simple?”

“ Natural, to be sure! and, above all, it must be rational; and by no means omnipotent.”

“ Well, then, my proposal is ——”

“ Quick ; let us hear it.”

“ *To the Deliverer of Persia : Gratitude and Love.*”

The Shah sprang from his seat, and embraced his mother : he then ran to the fair Biribi, and embraced her also.

“ It is a fine thought,” he exclaimed. “ Yes, dear Biribi, you shall embroider in it, *gratitude and love* ; there is reason in that, and not a word more than is true. Now, Biribi, begin this instant ; and you may work by my side ; and if I can give any assistance to you, I will do it with pleasure.”

Now, the fair Biribi began her labour on the very same day ; but she did not permit the Shah to give her any assistance, and she embroidered in her own apartment. The Shah could now see her but seldom ; and when at her work, the door was always locked.

Her embroidery was completed ; and

it was, in truth, the finest piece of work that had ever been exhibited in Persia. But she had strained her eyes so, in the completion of it, that their sparkling splendour was very sensibly dimmed by it; and the Shah himself remarked, that she had become tired of her labour, for the last word was by no means so successfully worked as the others.

Among all the virgins, whom the Shah was accustomed to call his wives, —for real, genuine, regular wives, the Shah had not possessed for the last twenty years,—the fair Biribi was most dear to him; and she only for the sake of her sparkling eyes. He had purchased her ten years before, when eight years old; and he affirmed, on every occasion since, that he should never again purchase a pair of brilliants of such perfect beauty and splendour.

It happened two years before, that, as Biribi was one day playing between the lofty walls of the palace, a little bird flew into her bosom, to escape the pursuit of a hawk, which had been pouncing at it; and after the enemy had been driven away, this little bird suffered itself to be fondled and caressed, and would not fly away again, when left at liberty. On this occasion, the eyes of Biribi expressed such joy at the fondness of the little bird, that the Shah on a sudden fell prostrate upon the earth, and thanked aloud the Creator of all things, for having made the world.

“ No,” said he, as he returned into the palace to the sultana-mother and the three chief eunuchs, “ No, truly, such a thing never happened to me before in all my life—such beams of light in the eyes of Biribi. And the

beams became sparkles, and the sparkles became flashes; and from the fire came clear water, and the water flashed as well as the fire; and from the water came pearls, and the pearls shone like the water! But in the flashes of the fire, the water, and the pearls, there was a something——aye, children, I could not sign a death-warrant to-day, though for the murder of my mother. ——And if I were to melt down all the diamonds that ever were dug out of the earth, into one stone, and melt down all the diamonds now under the earth, into another stone, they would altogether be nothing, compared to the eyes of Biribi, as she fondled the little bird. What I prayed, I cannot tell; but I did pray, and I have now seen, with my own eyes, the Paradise of the great Prophet!”

From that day, the Shah had loved

the fair Biribi like his dearest daughter, and never suffered her to be absent from him. Every one of her petitions was granted ; and she made many, but always for others, never for herself. Yet no bird had ever after flown into her bosom, nor had the Shah ever since beheld so distinctly the Paradise of the great Prophet !

“ My dear Biribi,” said he, as he took the embroidered standard from her, “ if you love me, you will make no more embroidery during the next half year, that your poor eyes may have time to recover. Promise me this.”

She gave him her hand to it, as the messenger was announced who was returned from the Euphrates. He delivered Solmar's answer to the Shah, who read aloud—

“ Sire ! thy slave wears thy writing



on his heart; and he has covered every spot of the sacred paper with a thousand kisses. Thy slave has been summoned to the grand-vizier Cosru, to receive commands concerning the maintenance of the province on the Euphrates; and he will lay himself at thy feet on the last day of this month. Long live the sublime sultana-mother! — Long live the sublime sultana Biribi!

“ Ah, my dear Biribi,” said the Shah joyfully, “ he comes the day after to-morrow. — Here it is — There; you have all the letter yourself.”

Biribi took the letter, and read; but so rapidly, that she did not see what she read; and not seeing what she read, she was forced to begin again; and because she was always beginning, she never came to the end.

“ Biribi,” exclaimed the Shah on a

sudden, "do not spoil the paper by squeezing it, but go to the window.— I see that a bird has flown into your bosom again."

A heavenly blush was now spread over the virgin cheeks of Biribi; and the Shah sat out of breath, and with clasped hands. His head was gently inclined towards the left side, and the reflection from Biribi's eyes, and Biribi's cheeks, illumined his whole countenance. Biribi sprang up, and the Shah could not utter a word to withhold her.

"Holy Prophet!" exclaimed the Shah, as he was in some measure come to himself, "thou affordest more than one foretaste of thy Paradise; and this is more delightful than all the others."

In the same retired apartment, in which, with bolted door, the standard was embroidered, Biribi now read the

letter; for several hours successively ; and, however hard the letter was to read, it was nevertheless kindly treated at last ; for it was several times pressed to the heart, and even, at length, carried to the lips of the sultana. Biribi then repaired to the window ; but from it there was nothing to be seen but flowers, trees, birds, and the whole city of Ispahan. She seized the lute ; but, in the first place, it was sadly out of tune ; and, in the second place, it made such a noise, that Biribi could not play and indulge in her musings at the same time. She drew all the curtains of the apartment close, and threw herself, in the dusk of the evening, upon a sofa.

It cannot be denied, the letter was written with politeness ; yet it surely was not necessary to place a *sublime* sultana Biribi by the side of a *sublime*

sultana-mother. The sultana-mother was full five-and-fifty years of age, and an epithet, by way of introduction, was no more than her due. Most assuredly a distinction should have been made in the letter, between her and Biribi, and the sultana-mother had a right to be offended that there was none. It must be confessed, too, there was something uncouth in the concluding lines of the letter. The beginning, on the contrary—the beginning was very obliging. He wore the Shah's writing on his heart, and had covered every spot of the sacred paper—mind, the paper, not the writing merely—with a thousand kisses. Beyond a doubt, the vacant spaces were not spared, on which the sultan could not write. And who knows but it might occur to the writer of this letter, that the little bird, in the bird-cage

was not at all in fault, on account of the five wet spots.—It was absolutely necessary to read over the letter again.

She arose to look for the letter, but it was vanished. It was not on the table ; it was not on the chair ; it was not behind the curtain. All the cupboards and drawers, all the caskets and boxes were opened, but the letter was in none of them. Biribi's anxiety encreased every moment : at last, she recollected that this poor letter might possibly be fallen under the sofa. She bent down,—she went on one knee,—she heard a rustling, and the secret was betrayed !

Any noble Persian, says the oriental narrator at this spot, who has just completed a hundred noble achievements, and, at the end of them, is allowed to rest his forehead and his closed-eyes on the place on which the

letter had rested, deems himself amply rewarded for all he has achieved ; and there is not, he adds, in the Paradise of the holy Prophet, a single spot on which mortals may more delightfully repose, after the sufferings of life, and the labour of great deeds. And the Persian—all this is said by the oriental narrator—and the Persian who does not instantly guess this spot, deserves never to be made acquainted with it !

Biribi was alarmed ; she blushed ; and, possibly fearing the letter might make some resistance, she let it remain where it lay. She sat down again ; she laid her face on both arms to cover her eyes ; and there she continued sitting, though night had drawn on, till she was roused to open the door to the good Shah, who had already knocked a dozen times, fearing some accident had happened to her.

Solmar's journey to Ispahan had been made known to the provinces through which he was to pass, by the grand-vizier himself; and Solmar found, at the end of his first day's journey, a letter from Cosru.

"Solmar, I command you not to shun the thanks of a grateful people. The provinces have received no orders from me; and when a people begin to render honour to great men, without being commanded, it is on the point of stimulating men to greatness; and it is high treason against the state, through pride, to reject their homage."

Solmar had now as few attendants as when he proceeded to the frontiers against the Osmands, but he had nothing to fear on his journey; for the inhabitants of the provinces stood in rows on the high ways through which he rode, and the children were placed

on the shoulders of their fathers and mothers; and they, too, were part of his guard of honour."

*Freedom and independence!* was the shout of the Persians who stood on the high roads; and, *Long live the Shah of Persia, and his people!* was the answer of Solmar. And when he had passed by, then the people told of the persons whom he had looked in the face; and how courteously he bowed; and how kindly he smiled on the children; and how he was dressed; and how his horse was prouder than himself: and when all these things had been said again and again, circles were formed, and the people sang and danced.

Solmar appeared before Ispahan. The way through the town to the palace was strewn with flowers. The inhabitants, of both sexes, stood in



their holyday clothes on each side of the streets. The silence which prevailed was that of admiration and awe.

Solmar arrived at the inner court of the palace. The Shah, in his imperial garments, stood at the head of his body-guard, and held a standard in his hand.

“ Thanks to the saviour of Persia ! ” said the Shah, as he rode forward, and delivered the standard into the hand of Solmar. A white flag was seen to wave from the summit of the highest tower of the castle ; and at the same instant there arose, from the palace down to the city of Ispahan, and from the city of Ispahan up to the palace, shouts of joy, which made the very foundations of the hills to shake ; and the birds that were flying in the air above, felt the vibration from the shouts below.

“ Oh, Amatonda,” whispered Solmar softly, during the exclamations of the populace, “ Oh, Amatonda, wert but thou near me ! ”

Amatonda was not near him, but the fair Biribi was, though she herself knew not where ; for when the shouts of joy were uttered, she was beholding the scene from the palace window, and she sank down by the side of a female slave, without sense or motion.

“ Solmar is fatigued from the journey,” said the Shah ; “ let him be conducted to his apartment. He shall be left to his repose to-day, and we will not intrude upon him.”

On the following day, Solmar was presented to the Shah, the sultana-mother, and the sultana Biribi. He entered, and fell prostrate upon the earth.

“ Why so ?” said the Shah ; “ Now

I take this unkind. Arise, and embrace us all, one after the other, and we will spend the day together like rational beings."

Solmar arose, and embraced the Shah respectfully; and he embraced the sultana-mother respectfully; and he then, still more respectfully, kissed the hand of the sultana Biribi. They sat in a circle. They asked questions, gave answers, and related histories; and, in the heat of conversation, did not remark, at least the Shah did not, that the sultana Biribi had retired.

She ran into her apartments. She sprang from one to the other. She looked around her for living beings. Her heart beat high; her eyes sparkled; she could scarcely breathe. She came to the apartment where some birds were flying at liberty, which she had, half a year before, found in a nest

without a mother, and had reared with some trouble. The birds all fluttered round her.

“ Have you heard it already ? ” said she. He embraced every one except myself — and he trembled, and his hand shook, and his lips quivered as he kissed my hand ; — but I trembled too — Yes, he embraced every one of them, but he did not embrace me.”

The poor birds would have been glad to receive their daily provender. They were accustomed, not only to fly at liberty in the apartment of their mistress, but also to fetch their food from thence. But yesterday, Solmar arrived, and yesterday they found nothing ; to-day, also, nothing had been left for them. They fluttered round her lips, they alighted on her hands, and pecked her fingers. At length they played the dun so intelli-

gibly, that their foster-mother understood them. She uttered a thousand reproaches against herself; and, to make amends, threw to her starving favourites at least as much food as they could consume in a fortnight. But then she told them again and again, that she alone had not been embraced. At length she heard the voice of the Shah, who came to look for her. He comforted her; and determined that Solmar should, by way of penance, salute her three times instead of once.

“No, my dear Shah,” said Biribi, alarmed, “by the holy Prophet I conjure you, say not a word to him. I am unspeakably happy, and you would only make me quite wretched. I am pleased with him; and came only to give food to my little birds here.”

When the Shah saw that Biribi was dancing and jumping, and that her

eyes sparkled, he was contented; and as soon as he returned to Solmar, it was agreed that they should write to each other, at least twice every month.

After a few joyful days, Solmar departed; and she, who had laboured to persuade herself that embraces meant nothing, remained still unembraced. But Solmar was somewhat more pensive when he returned to the Euphrates, than when he set out from thence. On the contrary, the fair Biribi continued as spritely as ever. Nevertheless, her eyes always sparkled more brilliantly on the days when a letter from Solmar arrived, or when she answered those letters, in the name of the Shah, than on any other day. The correspondence, besides, appeared to give all parties equal pleasure, and was therefore scrupulously kept up. In a short time, however, the phrase, "the

*sublime sultana* Biribi," was not to be met with in the letters, because it met with no encouragement; and its place was supplied by "*my fair friend* Biribi," to which no objection whatever was made.

Solmar was entreated by the Shah to be a mediator between him and the grand-vizier, that Cosru should remain at the helm of the Persian empire as long as he lived.

"As affairs now stand," replied Cosru, to the great joy of the Shah, "I must release the Shah from his promise; and my duty compels me to remain at my post, as long as strength and permission are given me. Allah and our Prophet preserve the Shah!"

Cosru governed several years afterwards; and, when he was found one evening lifeless at his writing-desk, the Persia which he left behind, was a

whole century different from the Persia he found, when he accepted the seal of government from the Shah; and the Shah was adored by all his people.

“ Cosru is no more, and Solmar is grand-vizier.”

These few words, in the Shah’s own hand, were received by Solmar, just as he was surveying the last of the new fortresses raised on the Euphrates. He did not answer; he came himself.

“ O Amatonda!” said he, as he ascended the palace of Ispahan, “ if thou mean to embrace me, eradicate first from my soul the image of my friend Biribi.”

Amatonda did not yet mean to embrace him; for, except the Shah and the sultana-mother, no one embraced him; not even the sultana Biribi.

The choice of the Shah met with the lively approbation of all Persia.



Solmar made no change in the system pursued by Cosru; he merely continued the work his predecessor had begun. The Persian empire had not for centuries, been in greater repose or more flourishing, or in higher honour, than at present; yet no Amatonda appeared to embrace Solmar.

Solmar had held the reigns of the Persian empire about fifteen months when the good Shah was one day found dead in his cabinet, sitting with his diamonds around him. His eldest nephew, who could with difficulty read or write, was brought forth from a remote corner of the palace, to fill the throne of Persia. Immediately there was a new sultana-mother, new reigning sultanas, new chiefs of the eunuchs, new principles, and new views. There would also have been

a new grand-vizier immediately, but the people and army were still feared.

A few days after the death of the Shah, his mother suddenly died, and it was said, of grief. The fair Biribi also would have died of grief in a few days; but the night before her death she disappeared, and no one knew, not even at court, whither she was gone. All her valuables, and two black eunuchs, had disappeared likewise. They were the two black slaves who were by her side formerly, when she was so rejoiced at saving the little bird. The whole court were lost in wonder at this flight; and the assembled privy-council were unanimously of opinion, that it would be cruel to obstruct the happiness of the young widow.

On examining, for that express purpose, the chronicles of Persia, there

was not found, since the establishment of the empire, a single instance of a sultana who had fled with two black slaves. They had all taken with them some one of the body-guard, or a sturdy dervise at least.

The news immediately ran through the city ; and Solmar, who was soon informed of it, became pensive. He was absorbed in his reflections, with his eyes cast on the ground, when a chamberlain from the palace was announced. The chamberlain delivered a precious jewel to Solmar, and a writing from the Shah, in which the services which Solmar had rendered to the Persian empire were warmly praised ; and, in the most gracious terms, he was confirmed in his office.

This writing was industriously published by the court through Ispahan, and all the people said Amen. But

Solmar grew more pensive and sad than before ; and the experienced men of Ispahan, who were acquainted with the custom of oriental courts, said in their hearts, a sacrifice is in preparation. In the mean while, the court did actually prepare splendid fire-works for the city of Ispahan.

Every day the court sent the grand-vizier a new mandate to execute. All the mandates were most gracious ; but they were strangely intricate, and the last mandate usually contradicted all the foregoing.

“ No ; ” said Solmar, as he perused the tenth mandate, “ the magician has deceived me. Amatonda may embrace whom she pleases ! I will go to my brother Hassan, and help him to cultivate his fields.”

He drew his sword from its sheath, broke it in pieces, and sat down to

write. He humbly implored the Shah in his letter, to allow him to resign his high office, as he did not feel that he had strength sufficient to carry into effect the supreme will of his imperial majesty.

The Shah waited three days before he answered ; for the fire-works were not ready. He was extremely afflicted at the unexpected solicitation of Solmar. He could not possibly dispense altogether with his further services ; and he accepted his resignation as grand-vizier, only on condition that he re-assumed the command in chief on the Euphrates, on which station he had already wrought such signal services.

This gracious epistle was also made known through all Ispahan ; but, on this occasion, the people did not cry Amen. On the contrary, in the mar-

ket-places, and at the corners of the streets of Ispahan, the words, *banishment, treachery, intrigue, evil-days*, were heard, every instant repeated. Solmar was informed of this, and hastened his departure to the Euphrates; but it was his fixed resolution, after a few months, once more to solicit his discharge.

On the evening after Solmar's departure, the splendid fire-works were exhibited; and all Ispahan, for a week afterwards, had so much to relate of those who were killed, and those who were not killed from the explosion of the fire-works, that few had any time to think, none leisure to talk, of Solmar.

But the warriors at Ispahan, who had fought with him against the Monguls, and against the Osmons, they still thought of him; and as, in a short time, they did not merely think, but

now and then collected in small bodies together, and talked aloud of him also, the court, in its wisdom, saw that it was necessary to take measures accordingly.

These measures were accordingly actually put in execution ; and more than twenty couriers had been already dispatched, about a fortnight before, with orders addressed to the different officers on the Euphrates, when one evening, by pure accident, a dispute arose in the inner court of the palace, close to the guard-house. The dispute led to a scuffle ; the scuffle to a riot ; and the riot to a general insurrection of all Ispahan. By break of day, a swift dromedary was taken from the stall of the murdered Shah, and a courier dispatched, with orders to Solmar to repair instantly to Ispahan, and share the government with the new Shah.

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The dromedary reached the Euphrates ; but, in spite of its extreme haste, it arrived just eight-and-forty hours too late. Solmar had, by command of the court, proceeded in great haste to construct a fortified camp opposite to the desert ; the Arabs had discovered that his corps was very small ; they had the day before suddenly fallen upon him : he had fought like a lion ; he had driven them back ; but, in the midst of a rash pursuit, his corps was attacked in the rear, by a detachment which lay in ambush for him ; and it cut to pieces. It was, indeed, remarked by some of the private soldiers, that the Arabs must have had the most precise intelligence of their situation, and that some of the Persian officers had retreated at the first onset.

The new Shah, who was an half-



brother of the murdered Shah, but a young man of a better character, put on mourning for Solmar; and, without any command from the court, all Ispahan followed his example. All the orders issued by Solmar were declared to be still in force, and public affairs resumed the course which he had prescribed. Thus, the son of Bator governed Persia after his death.

But Solmar was, properly speaking, not really dead; he was only on a journey. The Arabs, who, after a dreadful combat with him, had disarmed and bound him, were kind-hearted souls; and, instead of hewing the fine handsome robust youth into four quarters, by way of punishment, they merely made money of him. They sold him on the third day, in the midst of the desert, to a caravan that was

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crossing it ; and Solmar, with his new master, a Turk of distinction, found himself on the road to Smyrna.


But Solmar did not behold Smyrna ; for, on the way, the Turk sold him to a Jew. The Jew sold him to a Christian. The Christian sold him to a Dutchman. The Dutchman sold him to an Englishman ; and the Englishman, when at Cairo, exchanged him for a pipe, with the Mameluke Bey Mustapha.

The Mameluke Beys are accustomed every week to indulge in a few skirmishes in the streets of the city ; but they do this, not to disturb public repose, only to maintain it. Nor was there ever a school-boy injured by it, because school-boys are not tolerated in Cairo ; and as they have no school-boys, they never hear the least complaint concerning these skirmishes.


They are, besides, the real fathers of the people throughout all Egypt; and consider the wives and children, goods and chattels of the Egyptians, just as if they were their own property.

Solmar had not been three hours in the house of the Bey Mustapha, before he was forced to stand, with his sword drawn, as centinel, before three heads which were lying on a table. The three heads were, those of his late master the Bey Mustapha himself, the Englishman, and the broker who had negociated the barter between them. The head of the Bey lay to the right, that of his friend to the left, and between both heads lay the pipe, which had been promised to the centinel, as the reward for his keeping watch over them.

This revolution had been occasioned by the following occurrences. The



Englishman had scarcely delivered up his slave, and received the pipe in exchange, when, on a sudden, a loud tumult was heard in the street. The houses of the Beys are surrounded by lofty walls, and these are secured by strong gates. The Englishman sprang up, layed his pipe upon a table, and rushed out with Mustapha, to secure the gates. But the gates were already in the possession of others. The Bey Ibrahim, who had, a year before, been driven out of this house by the Bey Mustapha, and had, since that time, been conducting caravans in the desert, in order to accumulate money, and with that money purchase assistance, now forced his way into the courtyard, with a body of armed horsemen. He slew every one who made resistance, and soon gained possession of his ancient residence. The heads of the



Bey Mustapha, and the Englishman, whom Ibrahim, in his impetuosity, mistook for a Bey, were brought in, and for the present laid upon the table on each side of the pipe. Ibrahim himself entered; Solmar stood there unarmed.

“Who are you?” said Ibrahim.

“Sir,” answered Solmar coolly, “at the very moment you came in, I had been exchanged for that pipe. My old master was *he* on the left hand, and my new one *he* on the right;” pointing at the same time to the heads on the table.

The barbarian smiled, and, surveying Solmar from head to foot, replied, “Your head shall answer for those of your two late masters, and your reward for watching them shall be the pipe you were sold for.”

Solmar was furnished with arms, by

Ibrahim's command, who went out to secure his conquest.

Thus, the guardian-angel of Persia, who, eight months ago, in the name of a good-hearted Shah who loved him, watched over the happiness of 25,000,000 of men, who were daily singing hymns in his praise, was now, by command of a savage, watching over the gory heads of two cannibals; and his wages were to be, the very pipe for which he had been ~~sold~~ to a Mameluke.

“ Holy Prophet ! ” said Solmar, “ thou sayst truly. *Allah is inscrutable; but he who has a pure conscience adores, and is resigned.* ”

In an hour's time, Solmar was discharged from his office. Ibrahim, attended by a strong body of men, paraded through the principal quarters of the city. The two heads, raised

on lofty poles, entered into the procession, but did not return with it, having been left behind, as the train for the last time passed by the borders of the Nile. The pipe Solmar took into his possession, as a preservative against all human weaknesses !

On the following morning, Ibrahim, again accompanied by a numerous train of attendants, visited the assembled divan ; and the divan of the Mamelukes being always on the side of the strongest, felt no scruple in acknowledging him as one of the governing Beys, and confirming him in his office. As soon as Ibrahim returned, he caused Solmar to be brought before him.

“ Slave ! what is your name ? ” asked Ibrahim.

“ My last master had not given me a name. The former called me gene-

rally Europa, and when he saluted me with his foot, he said, ‘ *thou dog!* ’ ”

“ You shall be called *Ali*. What do you understand ? ”

“ Sir, I can dig ditches, plant trees, and raise melons, onions, and artichokes. I have observed an empty spot in your court-yard, which is useless. Leave it to my care, and it shall become a paradise.”

“ Ali,” said Ibrahim, “ I must spend a year in the desert. I prefer a garden to barrenness. You shall do what you please with the ground.”

Ali examined the spot. It was first necessary to remove a wall that was half fallen down. Ali proposed this to his master, and solicited three assistants to assist him in the labour. Ibrahim promised him the assistants.

The Bey had received intelligence, that Mustapha and his companions ex-




sted wares from Suez, and he sent a party to intercept the camels. Three camels were actually brought in, and the conductors were brought in chains. They were instantly sent to Ali, to join him in his labour of pulling down the old wall in the court of the Bey.

“ Sir,” said Solmar, after a few weeks, “ let the three slaves be dismissed, and work with me yourself.”

“ Ali,” said Ibrahim, “ I will work with you ; though I know not why I always do what you desire.”

Ali and Ibrahim worked together, and, after three days, Ibrahim himself heard that the ground resounded as if it were hollow. They continued their labour, and, in a few days, Ibrahim became the richest Bey which Cairo had ever seen. The treasure in gold and silver, pearls and jewels, which Ibrahim and Solmar had found, was



immense. The booty of a conquered province must have been deposited here.

“ But tell me, Ali,” said Ibrahim in the evening, “ why you desired that the other slaves should be dismissed.”

“ Sir, what is not to be divulged, should be known by one only.”

“ And if it had been divulged ? ”

“ You would have been in danger.”

“ But you are my slave ! ”

“ And therefore I must be concerned for your safety.”

Ibrahim was startled, looked at the slave, and walked backwards and forwards with an air of meditation.

“ Listen to me ; I have an only daughter. — Will you marry her ? ”

“ Sir, let me return to my native country.”

“ My son-in-law will be my successor.”

“ Let me return to my native country.”

“ And all that I have will be his property.”

“ Sir, allow me to return into Persia.”

“ If I do you a service, will you do me one?”

“ Whatever is not wrong.”

“ My affairs are in disorder, that is wrong. You are a good manager, that is not wrong.”

“ Every one must discharge his obligations.”

“ Since, therefore, you have offered an affront to me, by refusing my only daughter, you shall take upon you the management of my affairs for two whole years from this day, and bring

them into order; and, at the end of that time, I will conduct you myself through the desert. Is this wrong, Ali? Will you consent to this?"

"With joy, Sir," said Solmar.

Ibrahim drew off his ring, and put it on the finger of Solmar, thereby declaring him the overseer of his household.

"And I shall give you a thousand zechins; and besides, you will arrange every thing at your pleasure."

"And the garden, Si?"

"Shall be at your disposal."

Ali kept his word; for in two years time, the little wilderness within Ibrahim's court-yard was become a paradise. Ibrahim did not precisely keep his word, for he let him depart it is true, and accompanied him across the desert; but, instead of a thousand zechins,

he gave him two beautiful horses, and four heavily-laden camels.

When the caravan was about to depart, to which Ibrahim had accompanied Solmar, he produced a casket, and said, —

“ Ali, take this casket, and let it be my marriage-present to your bride. Let it remind her now and then of the name of Ibrahim, and that Ibrahim promises never more to injure mankind.”

Ali took the casket, wiped his eyes, and embraced the Bey.

“ But, Ali, I do not give this to you for nothing. You shall pay me for it, and more than it is worth.”

“ What do you require, Ibrahim ? ”

Big round tears rolled down the cheeks of the barbarian, and hung on his thick black beard. He could not speak, but fixed his eyes on the Per-

sian. At length he made an effort, and spake.

“Give me,” said he, “give me back the pipe which you wear at your belt. When I return home, I will touch my slaves with it, and they shall be free.”

Ali took the pipe, kissed it, pressed it to his bosom, kissed it again, and delivered it to the Bey. The barbarian hung the pipe round his neck, hastily turned round, mounted his horse, and, giving his reins to it, departed without uttering a word.

The caravan reached the Euphrates with safety, and Solmar saw the Persian frontier before him which he himself had formed.

“And now to Beitulsalam,” said he, having crossed the Persian river; and separating himself from his com-

panions, he and his attendants proceeded in haste along the road.

He had arrived within half a day's journey from Beitulsalam, and was on the point of leaving the house in which he had slept the last night, when two travellers, who had likewise slept in the same inn, stepped at the same time to the door.

On a sudden, six hands were seen stretched out in the air, and three voices were heard at the same instant to exclaim, Holy Prophet! Great Prophet! Just Prophet!

These sounds proceeded from the *ci-devant* Governor of Persia, the *ci-devant* Governor of Indostan, and the *ci-devant* Governor of Cashmire. They were all on the road to Beitulsalam, and had all slept in the same house, without knowing any thing of each other.

After they had all expressed their astonishment, embraced each other a score times, and then been astonished over again ; after each had, in a few words, spoken of his past adventures, they pursued their journey to Beitul-salam.

“ Have you, too, failed of Amaton-da, my brothers ? ” began Solmar, as they were on the road.

“ I am satisfied, brother, ” answered Murad, “ and with pleasure renounce all claim to her. ”

“ And your ring ? ”

“ I have not even one of the thousand pieces into which I broke it, for they all lie in the stream which flowed beneath my window. ”

“ And were you then the grand-vizier of Cashmire ? ”

“ Excuse me : the twelve grand-



viziers of Cashmire stood under my orders."

"*Twelve* grand-viziers! And what had they to do?"

"Each governed for the term of a month. They bore severally the names of the twelve signs of the zodiac."

"And what were you?"

"Your humble servant was the Great-Bear, and I governed without intermission."

"The Great-Bear! This is strange."

"With your permission, the establishment has its use. The Sultans of Cashmire are at the same time Sovereigns of the Great-Bear, and Commanders of the zodiac; but they have never been able to obtain possession of both. Now, in order to shew that they never renounced their just pretensions ——"

“ All this may be very fine, brother. But how came you, who were a stranger, to form connections in Cashmire ? ”

“ My very first acquaintance I owed to one of my spurs. As I was crossing the market-place, it tore the gown of a well-dressed girl, who was carrying an elegant basket of millinery under her arm. ”

“ That was a sad accident, brother. ”

“ Quite the contrary, it was a happy one ; for, in the first place, the spur made a hole in her gown ; and in the second, the millinery fell into the dirt. ”

“ Worse and worse, brother. ”

“ Better and better, I say, brother. The girl was a slave, and the millinery belonged to her mistress. I took the girl by the arm, kissed her hand, led her first to the great mercer’s, and purchased two complete dresses for her,

and then went to the first milliner's, and bought five times as much millinery as fell into the dirt."

"And what was the end of this?"

"I kissed the hand of the slave once more, and she recommended me to her mistress, who was the favourite of a cook. The cook recommended me to his mistress, who was beloved by a domestic mufti. He recommended me to his lady, the wife of an upper secretary; and he, to his mistress, the wife of the grand-vizier *Aquarius*. *Aquarius* introduced me to his brother-in-law, the grand-vizier *Cancer*. And as I, wherever I went, either broke looking glasses and china, or tore fine laces, I was invited to the first circles; and the ladies, both married and single, were visibly attached to me. At the end of six years I was so fortunate, that the only daughter of the grand-vizier *Virgo*,

a girl of nineteen years of age, attached herself to me for life. She was so sociable, that she could not subsist an hour without a friend to advise and comfort her; and she had so kind a heart, that she had already adopted as her own an infant of two years old."

"And your ring, brother?"

"When I spake with any one of the zodiac, of villages desolated by tempests, or fields inundated by showers, my ring pricked me inwards."

"And why so?"

"It was the property of my ring to prick me inwards when I spake too warmly, and outwards when I spake too coolly."

"And did you ever feel it on the outside?"

"See, here is my finger, brother, observe how hard it is; for, whenever I spake with a sultana about virtue,

with a grand-vizier about sincerity, or with a girl of twenty about innocence, my ring would never endure it. And if I ever spake with women, whether they were twenty-five or ninety years of age, and pronounced the word respect, I could hardly help crying through pain. My ring permitted nothing but *adoration* or *secret flames!*”

“And in this way you became Great-Bear?”

“Yes, with the help of two waggoners.”

“Two waggoners! By the great Prophet, Cashmire is a strange country.”

“Small events, brother, generally lead to great ones. There was a fair in the capital; and I was standing at the window, when two large waggons, each drawn by four horses, and filled with peasants of both sexes, in their best clothes, drove against each other,

and suddenly stopped. The waggoners alighted, took their whips in their hands, and kneeled to each other. "Brother," said one of the waggoners, "I beg you will have the goodness to turn aside." "Brother," replied the other, "I entreat you not to make such a request." "Brother, you know my moderation." "Brother, the whole world knows mine." "Brother, I shall apply to legal remedies." "Brother, I shall have recourse to the law." And now they both rose, and each ascending the other's waggon, began to lash the peasants, who were going to a dance, till they could not lift their arms through fatigue. Then they alighted from the waggons again, and knelt again to each other. "Brother, it was never my intention to offend you." "Brother, my friendship for you was never interrupted for a

moment. They then arose, embraced, and then turned aside, and drove carefully by each other."

"Brother, these are idle tales."

"The hero of Persia is too great a man to let idle tales be told him. This fair was derived from China; and the waggoners of Cashmire had exercised the right of holding it, and of going to war with each other in the way described, from time immemorial. Unfortunately, one of five eyes which had been put out by the whips of the waggoners, belonged to a peasant girl who was beloved by a captain of the body-guard; therefore, in two hours' time, an insurrection of the body-guard took place, and the bodies of the two waggoners were immediately cast into the river, but the whole body-guard themselves still continued in a state of mutiny, as they declared their

lives to be in great peril. The Sultan, all the Sultanas, the Great-Bear, the Zodiac, and all the chief secretaries, sat three days and three nights, to discover how the right of these waggoners might be rendered less dangerous. The Great-Bear made a speech one hour long ; the grand-viziers each made speeches of two hours length ; and the Sultanas spoke for six hours : even the Sultan spoke connectedly for several seconds on the subject ; and yet nothing was settled ; and the body-guard declared they still stood in danger of their lives. Algol, my brother, had informed me, that, in Cashmire, the least spark of understanding was esteemed. Algol is a knave ; but he understood Cashmire well. I took heart, appeared before the permanent diet, and proposed the law, that, in future, the waggoners should flog none



but each other. In an instant the Sultan seized the Great-Bear, and kicked him out of the zodiac——”

“ And you became Great-Bear ? ”

“ And I became Great-Bear, and the body-guard peaceably dispersed.”

“ Did the sultanas take any share in the government ? ”

“ There were seven reigning sultanas. Each of them governed the empire of Cashmire for one day of the week ; and each of them, once a week, worked with me in the cabinet. There was no rest any day, and I was never dismissed till midnight. It was somewhat tedious to be Great-Bear of Cashmire, but I was every night expecting the fairy Amatonda. Besides, I worshipped the sultanas, and they were ready to die a thousand deaths for me. At the bottom, however, we meant no harm to any one.”

"And your wife, brother?"

"My wife had ill health, and could not endure the air of the capital. She lived with a select party in the country, or at a bathing place. Her adopted child died, her father died, and she herself died at last. I lamented her death, for we had never quarrelled; and she left me an handsome fortune."

"And then you solicited your discharge?"

"You will excuse me: I received my discharge very unexpectedly, and that was owing to a pair of twins."

"A pair of twins!"

"Yes, and of my own creation. *Capricorn* died suddenly. The Sultana of the Cavalry instantly demanded the post for her house-mufti, and the Sultan gave her his promise of it. The following day, the Sultana of the Admiralty demanded the same post for

her butler ; and the Sultan, forgetting himself, promised it to her also."

"Admiralty ! In Cashmire, too ?"

"Unquestionably, brother. We had a great pond, an island, a gondola, and a marine establishment.\* I was suddenly called to the Sultan, and I found him inconsolable. He told me, that the two sultanas were in a violent rage against him and each other ; the one

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\* The satire on war, so ingeniously couched under the tale of the waggoners, is general, and needs no application. The joke on the Admiral of Cashmire, seems aimed at the court of Bavaria, where there is an *high-admiral* to command over the ferry-boats of the Rhine. The disasters of war have recently reduced the occupier of the once mightiest throne in Europe, to a precisely similar condition. The Emperor of Austria will, nevertheless, doubtless, retain admirals to command over ferry-boats and trading *schuyts*.  
T.

asserting, that the first promise was binding; the other, that the last was the strongest. The Sultan implored me for this once to save his honour. I paused a few seconds, and then proposed to him to translate the grand-vizier *Gemini* into the post of *Capricorn*, and establish the house-mufti and the butler jointly to fulfil the station of the Twins. The Sultan sprang into my arms for joy; and instantly commanded the twelve new cannon, lately sent to him as a present by the Emperor of China, to be discharged three times, and to announce through the city, by the imperial heralds, the creation he had just made. This took place accordingly; but the governing sultanas of Cashmire were never able to endure grand-viziers by halves. The next night, the two sultanas met together, were reconciled, and joined in

league against the unfortunate counsellor. The following morning they appeared together before the Sultan, and represented to him, first, that in the divan there were only twelve sofas for the members of the zodiac ; secondly, that the mufti and steward, being corpulent men, had scarcely room singly on the sofa of Gemini ; thirdly, that there were only twelve signs of the zodiac ; and fourthly, that as soon as the Sultan should have set up thirteen sofas, the Emperor of China, and the other powers of the earth, would believe that he had renounced his claim to the zodiac. " That I will never do," exclaimed the Sultan. In fine, the heralds were sent around the city again, to command that, on pain of imprisonment, all persons should consider the yesterday's discharge of cannon as not having taken place. The

two sultanas drew lots together. The butler became Great-Bear, and the mufti, Capricorn. The Capricorn of a day became Gemini once more ; and I, brother, was commanded to leave the city within three, and the empire within twelve days ! ”

“ And you, brother, are going to take up your residence in Beitulsalam ? ”

“ My baggage is, with your leave, already on the road to Ispahan. I wished only to shew myself to my brother Hassan, and enquire what had been the fate of you, my brothers. I am in affluence ; and should die of *canui* in a few weeks, in the solitude of Beitulsalam. ”

“ But our brother Selim does not speak a word,” said Solmar, after a short pause ; “ I’ll wager he means to surprise us with a poem. ”

“ You are for once mistaken, dear Solmar; for he who is about to announce his bride and her parents at Beitulsalam, and has left them at only half a day’s journey distance —— ”

“ Happy Selim, your bride ! Or do you speak, perhaps, of the poet’s bride, immortality ? ”

“ I speak of a real, actual bride ; one whom a man can clasp in his arms, and by whose arms he can be clasped again. And, were the great Prophet at this moment to step before me, holding in his right hand the promise of immortality, and in his left hand the consent of Tabuna, and say, ‘ Choose, my son ! ’ I would fall at his feet, and say, ‘ Holy Prophet, withdraw your right hand, and give me your left. ’ ”

“ Selim, tell me no more of Tabuna — or rather, do tell me of her. Does she then possess, what irresistibly

charms, pellucid eyes, which, without shunning a beholder, display, unveiled and without reserve, a soul full of innocence, peace, and benevolence?"

"My dear Solmar, eyes I never once saw in my bride. She has, in the place of eyes, nothing but two souls; and he who knows one of these souls, knows the other also; and they are comprehended in a moment."

"Selim, give me your hand."

Solmar, and Selim clasped each other by the hand as they sat on their steeds. Murad rode twenty paces before them, and kept playing with the folds of his garment.

"Selim," began Solmar again, "tell me more about your bride."

"And have you a bride, too, Solmar?"

"Solmar sighed, and continued his interrogations."



"Tell me. How did you arrive at Agra ten years ago?"

"Full gallop."

"And your first acquaintances were?"

"The court, and all the inhabitants of Agra."

"You wrote a poem, then?"

"Seventy-two capital poems in eight years."

"Seventy-two capital poems!"

"And all, likewise, full gallop."

"And with applause?"

"With unbounded applause. More especially the last four-and-twenty, in which I began to imitate my imitators."

"Had you successful imitators?"

"Some hundreds, for in Agra every body wrote poems, and I was very easy to imitate."

"And what did your poems treat of?"

"Dear Solmar, I only wrote my

poems ; I never read them ! I do not suppose that they treated of any thing : for, in the first place, the magician had impressed upon me, that they should treat of nothing ; and secondly, they were most greedily devoured by all the gentlemen and ladies of Agra. Thus much I know, that the poems of my most successful imitators, whom, that I might not be left behind, I was at last obliged to imitate, resembled a large space into which the inhabitants of a town had thrown all their furniture and effects during a conflagration. This is called in Agra, *beautiful disorder*, and rare genius. And no inhabitant of Agra admires what is according to, but what is contrary to rule !”

“ And after you had written seventy-two capital poems ? ”

“ I became, on a sudden, grand-vizier.”

“ Selim, I see you were always fond of galloping.”

“ Aye, and this gallop I rode during the great eclipse of the sun, two years ago.”

“ The galloping of poets was always peculiar.”

“ All Agra was in deep despair. Some were wringing their hands, and others were on their knees. Some took poison, and others stabbed themselves. A dervise, who could, for twelve hours together, turn round in a circle on one leg, without being giddy, and who cured diseases by the touch of his magical girdle, had, some days before, prophesied that Agra would sink into the earth. The eclipse of the sun took place, and court and city were in despair. A few only were composed enough to resign themselves to their deplorable destiny. It was announced

to the grand Mogul, that I alone was not alarmed, and that I was sitting at an open window, near the palace, by twelve wax tapers, calmly writing a poem. I was instantly summoned away from my seventy-two poems to the palace of the grand Mogul; and I promised that, in three hours, the sun should be delivered from the great dragon. After a few minutes, the chief chamberlain brought me, on a golden dish, the Emperor of Mogul's seal; and, on a silver dish, a silken cord. I stretched out my hand to the golden dish. After three hours, the sun was delivered from the dragon, the dervise was beheaded in the market-place of Agra, and his girdle burnt by the hangman. The first decree which I issued was, that, in future, whoever proclaimed new prophecies, should be laid in iron, and that, whoever interpreted

old prophecies, should be declared a lunatic. And accordingly, I instantly appointed guardians to fifteen bramins of distinction."

"And Amatonda?"

"Algol was a deceiver; but Amatonda did appear."

"Appear in reality?"

"She shall this very day embrace you."

"Selim, you are still a poet."

"I became so only since I went to the school of Amatonda."

"And how did you go to that school?"

"In one of the walks which I took in disguise, to examine the weights and measures, &c., in the metropolis, I had lost myself in a remote part of the city, and no longer knew where I was. I was in the midst of gardens, and entered one of them to enquire my

way. On walking in, I saw no one but a beautiful young woman, sitting in a remote arbour. Her dress was very modest, but exceedingly elegant ; and she did not perceive me, for her eyes were fixed upon a book. The smile which was continually renewed on her cheek, was delightful, and manifested the liveliest pleasure. I introduced myself as one who had lost his way, and I confessed that I had been for a short time contemplating her, as she sat absorbed in study. She was not in the least embarrassed, and continued the conversation as if we had known each other for years. ‘ How delightful and sweet a poem is this,’ said she, ‘ which is ever changing, and is yet always the same ; which always promises what it does not perform, and performs what it does not promise, and yet always gives what the reader is

most thankful for. It has already thrown me into rapture these twenty times, and will delight me twenty times again. Such a poem is the more delightful, since the poet Selim, who is now grand-vizier, has, by his unhappy authority, set the unnatural and monstrous on the throne! Selim,' added she, after a pause, 'has talents, few have so great as he has, and he could himself give us such poems if he chose; but the incense which the inconsiderate people of Agra have scattered around him, conceals truth and nature from him, and he has no friend to counsel him.' 'Yes, he has a friend, I exclaimed; for he lies at your feet.' 22

Solmar assured his brother of his hearty congratulations.

"She was not in the least confounded at this intimation. 'Who are you, charming creature?' he asked; but

‘ The widow of a sick old man, whom I married three years ago, when I was sixteen years of age, out of obedience to my poor parents. He wanted in me nothing but a nurse and attendant ; and died about a year since, leaving me the mistress of his fortune.’

‘ And your name is ?’

‘ Tabuna.’

‘ And the poem you were reading ?’

‘ Is Mursa’s poem on love.’

‘ Mursa also lies at your feet, Tabuna !’

“ A blush now covered the before unmoved countenance of Tabuna. Her lips trembled, and she stammered. Then she suddenly laid her arm on my shoulder, bent herself forward, and, having imprinted three kisses on my lips, ran away.”

“ And the grand-vizier, Selim-Mursa ?”



“ Kneelt for half an hour, without knowing that he was kneeling ! then arose, caused a goldsmith to melt down his golden pen, and sent the value received from the goldsmith, together with a hundred pieces of gold, to the chief almoner of Agra. The Poem on Love I had written, but not with my swift pen, some years before. It had a plan, and was polished. I sent it to a dealer in poems under the name of Mursa, but no one would read it. The man then sent a few pieces of gold to the chief licencer of poems, with a request that he would prohibit it. By this expedient, he sold all his copies in a few days, and gained a handsome sum by it. It was, notwithstanding, forgotten in a month ! ”

“ But in what way did you leave your post ? ”

“ Just as I entered it, in a gallop ! ”

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“ And the cause was ? ”

“ The great dragon, and two of the most beautiful little feet in Agra ! ”

“ I should have liked to witness the plot. ”

“ First, I had commanded that the fable of the great dragon and the sun should be taught no longer in the schools of the empire. Secondly, I had said in my poem, that a small and beautifully-turned female foot belongs to the first beauties of creation. Before the appearance of my poem, no one could ever obtain a glimpse of a beautiful foot in all Agra ; but, immediately afterwards, all the beautiful feet of the city were to be seen, by all who were curious ; and thus every one profited, as well those who had the art of seeing, as those who had the art of shewing what might be seen ! But more especially the fair Corane rose prodigiously

in the eyes of the grand Mogul. Corane, as well as all his other wives, had hitherto been eclipsed by the beautiful Madina. My order banishing the great dragon, gave offence to the chief of the bramins, who stood in need of the great dragon; and the intimation that beautiful little feet ought to be seen, did not please the proud Madina.

—— But now, I think it would be well if we were to push on with our horses, that I may say, galloping I went out, and galloping I came back again.” \*

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\* The author having told the translator, that under the poet Selim he meant to satirise the celebrated romance-writer Jean Paul, the reader, on taking leave of the copy in the tale, may perhaps be willing to know something more than the name of the original: a note concerning him is added at the end of the volume.

So saying, he clapped spurs to his horse. Solmar followed him; and when they had overtaken Murad, they all three galloped together towards Beitulsalam.

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**IT** was precisely on the two hundred and eighty-first day after the princess had left the great meadow, and the twelve villages were again filled with their inhabitants, that something occurred to Hassan which had never occurred to him before.

“It is the very father himself!” exclaimed a gossip, who ran as fast as she could down the stairs.

“Aye,” cried another who followed her, “it is the very father to be sure, but it has its mother’s own eyes!”

Hassan was so startled at the intelligence, that he jumped up without saying a word, and bolting out of the house, and running into the high road, left Beitulsalam far behind him. They who met him affirmed, that he ran on without speaking a word to any one, or

looking whither he went, and that he now and then stopped to cut a caper or two in the air. After an absence of two hours, he returned ; and sure the large rocking-horse which he brought with him, had never taken such leaps before. As little Hassan absolutely refused riding out this morning, and would not utter a word to say whether he liked his own father, or even knew him, Hassan himself mounted it, and then set it up till Master Hassan might, at a future day, be disposed to take a journey on it.

Ten years at length elapsed, and no one well knew how in the house of Hassan, from the day when there had been so much dancing on the great meadow. The time had been spent in singing and jumping, and digging and planting, and ploughing and "*laendering*," and laughing, and sowing, and reaping. No one knew the fields of

Hassan. His oaks and his beeches, his chesnut and his fir woods grew up, as in emulation of each other; and the fruit trees which Hassan had planted, were not a little vain of their loaded branches. And whenever a sick man wanted a cordial, he sent at once to the *handsome woman*; and whoever wanted counsel, went to the *handsome man*; and whoever wanted a place, offered themselves to the *handsome couple*; and the poor children who wanted to learn how to spin, or sew, or knit, with more than common dexterity, they, during the last three years, came to the *handsome Lilly*, and by her they were taught for nothing, and they received the wool, worsted, and linen into the bargain.

Now the handsome Lilly had, three years before, arrived late one evening; attended by two ugly blacks, and had

spoken in private with Hassan. Hassan then consulted with Amina, and from that time Lilly had remained with the handsome couple; and the ugly blacks remained there too, and helped to plant trees. The beautiful Lilly had, for a whole year, wept now and then, but she gradually recovered her cheerfulness, and retained it. Hassan's children loved her with all their hearts, and she loved them again. But the four boys and the four girls were beloved by the whole village, for goodness sparkled in their roguish eyes; and when allowed to romp as they pleased, no man could hear his own voice. And Lilly had, three days before, made a present of a complete bridal bed to the eldest daughter, whose name was Amina, as she was then eight years of age; and on the bridal bed there was not a stitch of the needle



which had not been made by the beautiful Lilly.

Now this very day ten years ago, a foreign princess had made a bridal bed in Beitulsalam ; and in the afternoon a dance was to take place on the great meadow, in commemoration of that event. The cadi and imam were invited, and all Beitulsalam too, and the musicians were not forgotten ; and Hassan's workmen were in their holy-day dress ; and Hassan's elder children were forced to tell the younger every minute, how long it would be till afternoon.

Hassan had, some years before, built a school-room, and from this room you could look into the fields, and upon the great meadow ; and the children this morning had no desire whatever to work, or learn their lessons, as they were invited to a dance in the after-

noon : and on a sudden, all the writing books and knitting pins, slates and wheels, were thrown on a heap together ; and all the children came in a tumult together, and the schoolmaster and schoolmistress came with them.

“ Hassan, open the gate-way. The bride-mother ! — the musicians on horseback ! — the foreign princess ! ”

No one in Hassan’s house could stir a step for very astonishment ; but the children, and the schoolmaster and schoolmistress, found a remedy, and the gate-way was opened to the princess. She alighted, entered the house, embraced Hassan and Aminah, and father Abuhissar, and also the beautiful Lilly, without asking who she was. She kissed Hassan’s children one after the other, and was never tired of kissing them.

“ Is it not true, my princess ? I

have kept my promise, you see," said Hassan.

"And I as well, Hassan; for I am come to ask for a lodging with you. But I come again with music to-day, and I am again bride-mother."

"Again bride-mother?"

"Aye; and this time, two-fold."

"And the bridal beds?"

"Yes, my children; one of the brides will bring her's with her,—we must manage for the other."

Little Amina ran to Lilly, and whispered something in her ear. Lilly nodded her head in return.

"Princess," said the little Amina, "I will give you *mine*. I shall not want it yet."

The princess, and Lilly, and the little Amina went away. Lilly yielded her apartment to the princess, and herself put it in order; and while they

were so employed, three horsemen arrived in full gallop. They alighted and entered. What they said, no one could understand, for they and Hassan spake at the same time ; but every one saw that Hassan sprang from the arms of one to the arms of another, and that when he had embraced them all, he began over again. At length he related to them, that, ten years ago, a foreign princess had come and made his bridal bed for him, and that she was that day come to pay him a visit.

The cadi and the imam now entered, and shortly afterwards the princess returned, and with her the beautiful Lilly ; and instantly one of the three horsemen looked with astonishment on Lilly, and she uttered a scream, and Solmar caught her in his arms. She soon came to herself, and looked, after

a few minutes, as if one little bird after another had flown into her bosom !

“ And do we meet at length for ever, my princess ? ” said Solmar.

“ For ever, ” replied Biribi. “ But when I laid aside my name, I chose to forget that I had ever been called a sultana. ”

“ But if I were now to be the bride-mother, ” said the princess.

“ What then, my princess ? ” said Solmar.

“ Then the bridegroom ought first to embrace the bride-mother, and humbly beg of her to make the bridal bed for him. ”

Solmar sank on one knee, and kissed both her hands ; then he arose, embraced her, and received three kisses on his lips.

Selim the poet no sooner beheld this, than he sprang forward, and, without

ceremony, clasped the princess in his arms, and received what Solmar had received.

Tabuna now appeared, and her parents and the bridal bed with her. Selim saluted the bride as he passed by, kissed the camel which had the bridal bed, and then unpacked it, and carried it to the princess, and lost no time in doing it.

And the cadî and the imam then fulfilled their functions; and tidings were brought that the great meadow was occupied as it had been ten years before; viz. the twelve villages, and all the inhabitants, and the old men, and the sucklings, and the three young ladies, and cakes and wine; and there were, besides, five circles of lanterns, one circle within the other! And they all repaired to the great meadow; and the six-and-thirty blew their horns;

and the whole assembly danced together the dance of the fairy Amatonda.

As day brake, a splendid globe was seen in the air ; and the globe became continually greater and more splendid ; and when it had reached the great meadow, it burst, and an illuminated ship appeared on the green, which threw a glorious light on all the country round. And in the ship were seen twelve beautiful maidens, who let down from its sides, wheels and pencils, and hobby-horses, and ploughs, and all kinds of toys ; and on a sudden the princess stood in the ship, which shone more gloriously than before, and lifted her right hand ; and they all knelt down and were silent, while she said, in a voice which pierced every bosom —

“ SOLMAR, SELIM, HASSAN, NO  
GENEROUS HEART, NO NOBLE SOUL  
CAN LOSE THE EMBRACE OF THE

FAIRY AMATONDA. BUT BE YE,  
MY CHILDREN, INDUSTRIOUS, AND  
YE SHALL BE JOYFUL. HONOUR  
THE SHAH. OBEY THE LAWS. TO-  
LERATE NO DERVISE AMONG YOU,  
FOR HE IS A THIEF. TOLERATE  
NO CROAKER AMONG YOU, FOR HE  
IS AN ASSASSIN!"

A peal of thunder confirmed the words of the fairy. Every one knelt, and every one was silent. Only the sucklings, who were awakened by the thunder, clapped their little hands for joy, as they saw the splendour in which the beautiful fairy departed.

And all the people obeyed the fairy Amatonda; and the fairy Amatonda came every ten years successively to the great meadow at Beitulsalam. She brought music and innocent presents, but neither gold nor silver. And when they had all *laendered* till morning, she



departed from them, and all hearts spake, and all tongues exclaimed—*Long live Amatonda!* And from henceforth, throughout the country, when the friend meets his friend, the husband his consort, and the young man his mistress, they clasp each other by the hand, and say, *Long live Amatonda! Amatonda for ever!*

THE END.

## NOTE

Referred to in Page 260.

*Jean Paul Friederich Richter* is one of the most voluminous and popular of the living German authors, who has been frequently, and most unmeritedly honoured by the appellation of the German *Sterne*. An attempt to draw a parallel between these writers, would end in a contrast. They agree in scarcely any thing but in being most strange, out-of-the-way, and whimsical in the form and plan of their several works; and if this be sufficient to suggest a comparison, *Rabelais* might well form a third in the history of modern literature. A general aim to unite pathos and humour, are, however, all they have in common; for their pathos and humour are of a different character.

*Sterne* excites our sensibility by appeals to our ordinary sympathies, and for that purpose exhibits representations of interesting portraits.--- A maniac girl, a negro, a parent on a death-bed, a prisoner in a dungeon, &c., do not suppose in the reader a mind which, to accompany the author, requires the stimulus of curiously-excited

feelings. *Jean Paul* rouses the fancy of his readers, by exciting what may be called the elements of moral feeling. He dwells on vague and vast objects. He is excessively fond of dreams and visions. He brings back the vagrant attention to thoughts of death and eternity, and the transcendence of human enjoyments; and delights in the anticipation of feelings belonging to a future state of existence. Nothing can be more unlike *Sterne* than this.

*Sterne's* humour is chastely characteristic. All that is excellent (and not merely queer and extravagant) is, in him, dramatic. It is the *keeping* that runs through the 'Sentimental Journey,' and the mixture of humour that qualifies the sensibility of *Yorick*, which has preserved that book from being nauseous and surfeiting. In like manner, those exquisite characters, *My Father Shandy*, *My Uncle Toby*, *Trim*, and *Doctor Slop*, justify the eccentricities of thought ascribed to them. The translator dares not affirm that there is no humour in the characters of *Jean Paul's* novels; but certainly his humour has a monotonous character, and, in his various works, always reminds the reader of the author himself. But though *Jean Paul* generally passes

for a humourist, it is chiefly by wit that he has gained himself his present celebrity. It is in the exuberance of this quality, and in the infinite variety of his knowledge, which is astonishing, that he surpasses Sterne; as well as in the philosophic tendency of his works, and in the reach of his faculties; for he is equally distinguished by the profundity of his thought, and the wildness of his fancy. He is, at the same time, utterly destitute of that exquisite simplicity and grace of style, which certainly will give immortality to the fine passages in Sterne, and for a long time, at least, preserve from oblivion the trash so copiously mingled with them.

Sterne has been translated, perhaps, into every polished language in Europe. Not one of the numerous works of Jean Paul will probably ever be read in any other than the German language, nor in that long survive the author. There have already been published several collections of his fine things, (*beauties*, as our manufacturers term them,) and it is rather to be wished than expected, that a similar selection might be adapted to English readers, for what Englishman ever read three of his books? It is therefore to be apprehended, that as Jean

Paul has been outrageously eulogised, so he will, hereafter, have less praise than he merits; for, after all, he has talents, which excite a lively regret that they should not have been disciplined to the production of any one work which deserves to live. In the celebrated ‘*Xenien*,’ Epigrams published by Goethe and Schiller in 1797, there is one addressed to Jean Paul. — “Could you husband your riches but as well as others do their poverty, then you would indeed deserve our admiration!” It is this exuberance of *matter*, and the inability or disinclination to give *form* to it, which is the characteristic of Jean Paul.

Like Sterne, he is frequently unintelligible, but in a very different way. Sterne alludes to one knows not, and cares not what; and leaves one in doubt whether the curtain he lets down conceals any thing or nothing: Jean Paul is constantly referring, without reserve, to subjects of human learning, which the reader is more or less frequently acquainted with, according to the extent of his own information. It is chiefly in the most strange and violent similes and metaphors, referring not merely to all the sciences which men in general are expected to

learn, but also to every branch of professional learning, such as ecclesiastical history and jurisprudence, medicine, and every kind of local knowledge, that he excites the astonishment, and often provokes the resentment of his readers; yet, as these combinations are most whimsical, and drawn together at the same instant from the most opposite sources, and as they allude, not only to "all the reading that is never read," but also to all the knowledge that is seldom known, the vanity of the reader is not so often wounded at the detection of his ignorance, as it may be gratified by the occasional discovery of his own knowledge; and the eulogist of Jean Paul commonly qualifies his praise, by the confession, as is promised to Selim by Algol, that he does not understand him. But in this there is more of trick than genius. It was acutely observed to the translator by an excellent English critic of German literature, that it seemed to him as if Jean Paul's works were composed while the author was standing on the steps of a bookcase; as if he opened his volumes promiscuously, and, having noted down some recondite fact of art or science, then sought for a moral analogy; and, having collected a num-

ber of these materials, afterwards strung them together as he pleased! A habit which Mr. Bays seems to have indulged in, for he says somewhere in the 'Rehearsal,' — "Egad, this would make a fine simile, if I knew what to compare it to!" Jean Paul has made it his particular study to find out such resemblances, and owes half his fame to it.

The magician, in his instructions to the poetical son of Bator, gives especial counsel as to the composition of a title page. This, if such an expression be allowable, is taken from the life. The following are a few specimens of Jean Paul's titles, viz.

"Blumen-Frucht und Dornenstücke; oder Ehestand, Tod, und Hochzeit des armen Advocaten F. S. Siebenkäs, im Reichmarktsflecken Kuhchnappel."

That is, literally, "Thorn-Flower and Fruit-Pieces; or Marrying, Matrimony, and Death of the poor Councillor F. S. Sevencheese, in the Imperial Market-town of Snapcow."

"Hesperus, oder 45 Hundstoptage."

That is, "Hesperus, or 45 Dog-post-days."

"Jean Paul's Biographische Belustigungen unter den Gehirnschale einer Riesin."

That is, "Jean Paul's Biographical Amusements under the Pericranium of a She-Giant."

*Basta!* Nearly of such a description has the translator lately turned over more than thirty volumes. Not all, however, are in any way narrative: some are purely didactic, viz. "Levana, or Theory of Education," "A System of Taste, or Aesthatik," (as the Germans from the Greek have termed it,) &c.

The works which pass among men of letters for the best of Jean Paul's writings, are his 'Hesperus,' 'Titan,' and 'Siebenkäs,' of which 'Titan' only seems intended to produce an effect by the story. The translator cannot venture to speak of any one, even of these, from his own knowledge; nor will foreigners readily encounter the difficulties which stand in the way of a study of Jean Paul's writings, since, in addition to his other literary impertinences, he is an inventor of words; and his style embraces all the idioms of an elevated poetic prose, of colloquial barbarisms, and even of provincial phrases.

Dr. Johnson learnt Dutch in his old age, to try whether his faculties were still in their full vigour. A foreigner may, if he pleases, make



a trial of his knowledge of the German, by attempting to read Jean Paul. He needs not be mortified if he should chance to fail.

The following fragments have been hastily selected from Jean Paul's writings, as a specimen of his style, imagery, and turn of thought. This is, in general, an unfair manner of exhibiting an author, but no one has so little reason to complain of it as Jean Paul, for whatever his merits may be, he owes his fame only to the striking passages of his books, with little references to those higher qualities of a work of taste, which are ascertained by the contemplation of it as a whole.

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“ Women and Spanish houses have many doors and few windows. It is easier to *get into*, than to *look into* their hearts. And as to girls ! I would rather attempt to guess at and pourtray ten mothers, than two daughters.”

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“ The heart of a man who has a strong and vigorous mind, must, like a china jar, be, at first, turned too wide and big : in the furnace of the world it shrinks to its proper size. In like manner, I quarrel not with intolerance in a

young man, but in a few years I insist upon habits of tolerance. The one I consider as the hard, sour, stony fruit of a youthful, vigorous breast ; the other, as the same fruit ripened and mellowed by time."

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" Nothing touches men more than beholding a reconciliation. Our weaknesses are not too dear a purchase for the hours of delight in which they are forgiven ; and the angel, who never *feels* anger, must envy the man who *subdues* it. When you forgive, the man who has wounded your breast is the sea-worm by which the muscle-shell is pierced, while you yourself fill up the aperture with a pearl."

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" By heaven ! It is not worth while lamenting our departure from a soil so parched and barren, and covered with weeds and nettles, as human life is ; which is, besides, short as an epigram, and with a sting at its end. A spirit above us throws us into life, and counts 70 or 80, as we sometimes hurl a stone into a deep crater ; and then, after hearkening during some eighty beatings of his pulse, or years, hears us strike against the bottom — the grave."

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“ That for which men sacrifice their lives and fortunes, must be something loftier than both. The good man is not so valiant when he defends himself, as when he protects another ; the mother is a coward on her own behalf, a heroine for her child. In short, it is for the nobler part of him, it is for virtue that man opens his veins, and offers up his spirit. The Christian martyr calls this virtue, *faith* ; the savage, *honour* ; the republican, *liberty*.”

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“ The inhabitants of Mount Parnassus care little for the laws of Mount Sinai. They are all heretics, and are only kept from playing off their epigrams against the ancient faith, by having the harp of Klopstock between their fingers. They love nothing that belongs to the preacher of the place, except his daughters. Their epigrams violate the eighth, and their other poems the sixth commandment. They have recourse to the names of the heathen gods, in order to escape a Christian chastisement of their offences. They load the sins of the old Adam upon little Cupid, and worship the Devil in the shape of a fawn. ”

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“The heart is infinitely and eternally new. We may satiate ourselves on the highest truths and beauties which can be presented to our contemplation; by frequency of enjoyment, their zest and charm may be taken away: but no noble action ever comes too often, or too late; nor does time itself reign over our moral charms and graces. This immutability, which is so strengthening to the soul, is raised not merely on the infinite nature of the free breast, but on this especial constitution of our nature, that it is only *out of* ourselves that we consider desert as a free grace and moral beauty, which we are to *love*; for *within* ourselves, we recognise it merely as moral truth and moral necessity, which we perceive and approve of.”

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“The honour of a friend is a something so sacred, that scarcely any thing but his own confession of unworthiness justifies a doubt concerning it. But it is only the absolutely noble mind which can abstain from trying the tried friend; from believing, when the enemy of the friend accuses; which blushes as at an unchaste thought, at the silent and transient suspicion which pollutes the pure image of his friend;

and finally, which, when doubt is no longer to be resisted, does not suffer that doubt to come into action, and would rather be guilty of improvidence, than incur an offence against the holy spirit in man. This firm confidence it is easier to deserve from others, than ourselves to possess."

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"If man were not immortal, no superior being could be so : at least, he could not be recognised as such. The solitary God would be presented in vain to the torpid sense and unperceiving mind ; as, without the atmosphere of the earth, the sun would glare from the firmament, and pierce the vaulted night, but it would not illuminate."

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"Since heaven and earth are spread out so spaciouly, why should the mind creep and cringe, and narrow itself?"

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"Man would be on this globe an idle toy, ashes and vapour, if he did not feel that he was so. O God ! in this feeling is the pledge of our immortality."

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“It is not reason, that is, conscience, which makes us virtuous : reason is the wooden directing post on the high road of duty, but it can neither bring us up to itself, nor force us forward on our journey. Reason has the *legislative*, not the *executive* power. The capacity of loving the commands of reason, the still greater, of obeying them, is a second conscience added to the first. As *Kant* cannot in words assign what it is that makes men bad, so that is not to be expressed in words, which raises men above, and rescues them from moral impurity.”

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“I would gladly receive in exchange one moral, for ten metaphysical optimists: one who does not, like the caterpillar, feed on a single plant, but, like the butterfly, flutters over a whole flower-bed of pleasures; who has not five, but a thousand senses — for women and heroes, sciences and frolics, tragedies and comedies, nature and courts. There is a certain higher toleration which the peace of Westphalia does not give us, but a life purified by many years and much instruction. This toleration finds out the truth that lies in every sentiment, the beautiful in every kind of beauty, and humour in every sport of fancy; and does not con-

sider, either in men, nations, or books, diversities and individuality of excellence as the absence of it. We should be pleased not merely with the *best*, but with the *good*."

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"Every strong sensation and affection partakes of the nature of insanity, and requires or raises a world of its own. A man may be equally angry that the clock has *only*, or *already* struck twelve. I beg of every one, once at least in his life, to let his internal feelings speak out. He will be astonished at the extent of his wishes, which had been before but half expressed. *Rage* wishes that the whole human race had but a single neck; *love*, a single heart; *melancholy*, two lachrymal ducts; and *pride*, that it had only two bent knees."

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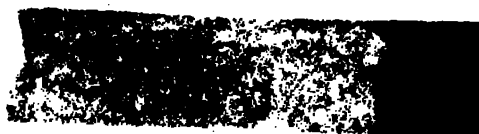
"The repose and indifference which we by effort acquire, are alone valuable. Man must have both the power *of* passion, and power *over* passion: he must be susceptible of the feelings which he subdues. The overflowings of the will are like those streams which pollute the water in the wells. Take the stream away, and the well is dried up."

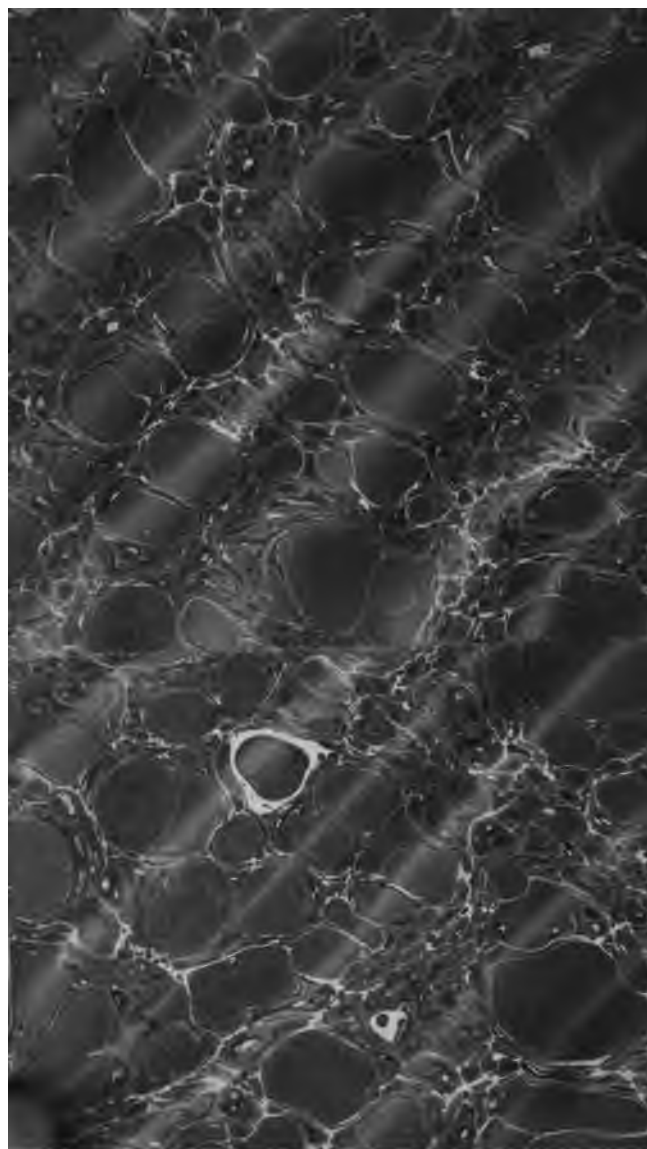




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